

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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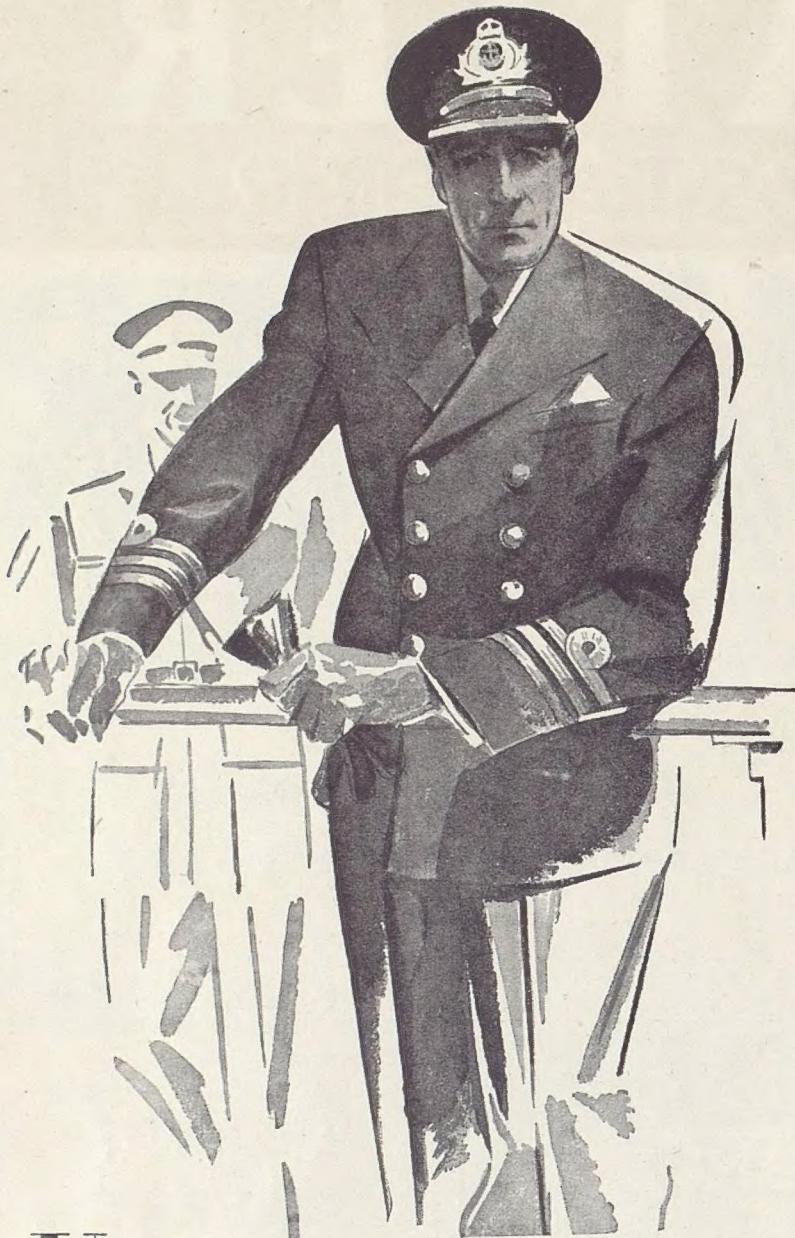
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*Bertram Park*

## Lady Patricia Hibbert of the F.A.N.Y.s

Lady Patricia Hibbert is the only sister of Major the Earl of Incheape, who succeeded his father in 1939. In 1938 she married Major Washington Hugh Hibbert of the Queen's Bays, a nephew of Sir James Hope Nelson. Lady Patricia is doing her war work as a driver in the F.A.N.Y.s. She has a half-brother, the Hon. Simon Brooke Mackay, and a half-sister, Lady Rosemary Mackay, children of her father's second marriage, to the Rajah of Sarawak's daughter, Leonora, who are not very much older than her own baby daughter, born in 1939.



# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Pacific News

THERE'S a Dunkirk determination about the reactions of people in all places to the daily repetition of bad news from the Pacific. Events there grow so grave that even the ready recriminations of politicians have died away for the time.

The siege of Singapore is watched with a calm which shields but does not deny deep anxiety. As in the case of Hong Kong, water supplies will play a big part in the fight waged by the defenders of this one-time naval base. Its usefulness in this respect has now departed temporarily; it may win greater fame as a Tobruk fortress of the Far East. Let that be our fervent wish, for time is our greatest need in the Far East. Time to produce the weapons we and the United States require; time to mass men, machines and ships. Time in which Japan can spend her strength.

## Burma Crossroads

MEANWHILE we must look more closely at the threat which encroaches on Rangoon. Here the Japanese seek to straddle the crossroads for China and India. If the Burma road is cut, China's supply of urgently needed war supplies will practically end, and that implies a lot more than people imagine.

China has fought Japan single-handed for over four years. Now for the first time she has Allies wealthy and willing to give her all the supplies she needs and they can spare. It is inconceivable that China would give up the fight now, but we must not be blind to the influences which are at work, and which would become stronger if supplies to China ended, in favour of a separate peace with Japan. This would mean an alliance in the Orient to drive out the forces of westernisation, for the Chinese don't love us any more than the Japanese, who hate us. All this reminds me of my grandfather who at the turn of the century was full of the Yellow Peril.

Sir Archibald Wavell established a close understanding with General Chiang Kai-shek when he went to Chungking before Christmas, and we may soon see the first results of their agreement. Of immediate interest is the fact

that Britain and the United States have given China a joint loan of £175,000,000.

## War Council

I CANNOT understand why China has not been given a place on the Pacific War council. There are obvious reasons why she should be left out, but these are mainly geographical. Hers is a most vital contribution, a fact which is fully appreciated in Washington. The Australian Government have persisted in their proposal that the Pacific Council should sit in Washington. The Dutch Government and the British Government urged that London would be the better centre. President Roosevelt was asked to arbitrate, and Australia agreed to accept his decision.

As I mentioned last week, Australian politicians are having a feast-time of slanging. Now they've reached the stage of doubting each other's loyalty, and charges are flying from mouth to mouth as though the Pacific battle was a gang struggle on a racecourse. Such healthy political antagonisms are mighty fine when you can afford them; but in war, as in golf, victory goes to him who keeps his eye on the ball.

## Libyan Lyrics

IN Libya Rommel rushes on to the chorus of praise of our Whitehall warriors that he's a brilliant general. I'm all for appreciating your enemy's good points, but I'm frankly tired of the lyrics loosed on Rommel. They make me feel that there's something wrong; somebody's hiding something. It is quite obvious that he is not going to be stopped in his tracks yet awhile. We shall have to give more ground. This is regrettable, but once more we hear that Rommel's repair organisation is slicker than ours. He's also got supplies through. It would not surprise me if some of these supplies — food, fuel and oil — hadn't come from Tunisia. There's evidence to support this opinion.

Libya is a barrier position like Rangoon which we must hold at all costs, as much for the protection of our Russian allies as for ourselves. Stalin's policy is to hammer the

Germans, whose power he for one does not under-rate, as hard as he can, in the hope that this will have some deleterious effect on their organisation of a spring campaign. We must treat Rommel with the same medicine, and the same respect. But do let us stop singing his praises!

## Hitler's Prestige

SOME, not all, Germans have stopped singing Hitler's praises. Prisoners of war captured in the last two months have been most forthright in their criticism of the Fuehrer. This is something new. Previously if they hadn't anything good to say of Hitler they did not venture to criticise.

This is most significant, but not, in my opinion, as significant as Hitler's present policy of keeping quiet. He is fighting a defensive action against Stalin, he is not raiding this country, he allows Rommel to play his own quiet game in Libya. What does this mean? I think it means that Hitler is putting all he's got into an all-embracing spring campaign,



## Commanding U.S. Forces in Britain

Major-General James E. Chaney, commanding United States Armed Forces in the British Isles, and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier Charles Bolte, study the map at their headquarters in Britain. Both officers served in the last war, and Major-General Chaney, before his present appointment, was U.S. Military Observer in Britain

which will not escape this country. This sounds like a do or die act and well it may be, for Hitler cannot fail to be disturbed about the growing contribution of the United States to the war effort as a whole.

The spring may be his last opportunity to launch an offensive; after that his chance of saving Germany may depend entirely on defensive tactics, and such a policy would hold many dangers to his personal authority.

## American Diplomacy

MR. CORDELL HULL persists in his policy of contact with the Vichy Government. Admiral Leahy has been having further

Two new director-generals, Sir Cecil Graves and Mr. R. W. Foot, have been appointed for the B.B.C., following the resignation of Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, who has held the post since 1938. Sir Cecil, deputy director-general since 1938, will direct the general policy, while Mr. Foot, general manager for thirteen years of the Gas Light and Coke Company, will attend to the administration and management of the B.B.C.

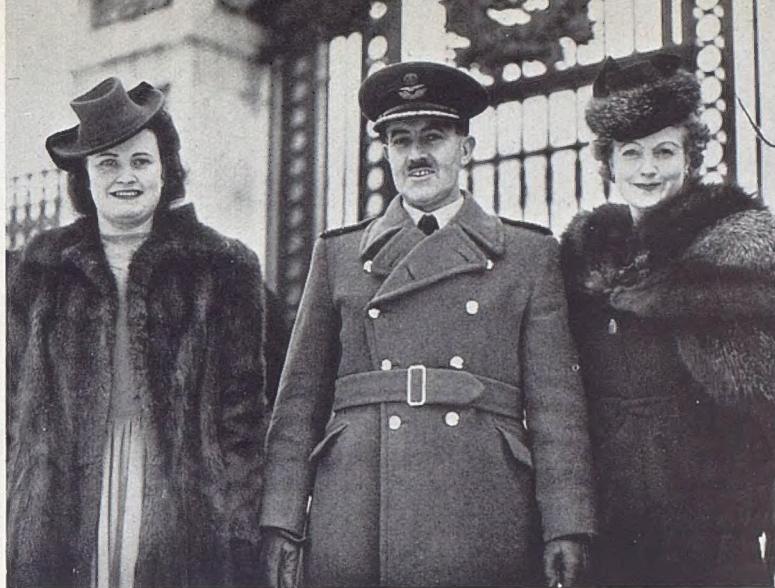
## Joint Director-Generals for the B.B.C.





At A Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

Lieutenant-Commander Allan Herbert Percy Noble, R.N., was awarded the D.S.C. in the 1942 New Year's Honours for outstanding zeal, patience and devotion to duty. He went to receive the honour with his wife and his mother, Lady Noble



Group Captain L. M. Iles, R.A.F., was another New Year's Honours recipient. He was awarded the C.B.E. at the investiture, and was accompanied to the Palace by Mrs. Iles and by Mrs. A. G. Iles

conversations with Marshal Pétain. There are also indications that the United States legation in Tangiers is to be strengthened. These are important moves, for there seems to be in them a combination of diplomacy and military sight. In Washington there's somebody constantly watching West Africa, and Tangiers therefore becomes a key post in Mr. Cordell Hull's eyes. Naturally the Free French in London are not expected to be happy about the unchanging trend in United States policy, but Washington is not as closely attached to General de Gaulle as we are in London.

Mr. Charles Peake, after working in Washington as Lord Halifax's personal adviser, has now taken up his liaison duties between the Foreign Office and the Free French in London. Mr. Peake was in Paris before the war, and is an excellent French speaker. But somebody has persuaded General de Gaulle to learn English, so he is taking regular lessons and making good progress.

#### Russian Influence

SOVIET RUSSIA is beginning to make her influence felt in diplomacy. The Inter-Allied Committee which sits in London suggested the creation of plans for the organisation of post-war Europe. The British idea was that the countries represented on the Committee should submit their proposals for consideration and co-ordination by the British Government. Soviet Russia opposed this plan, and put forward a plan for a permanent post-war re-organisation body on the Geneva model. General de Gaulle's advisers are urging him to support the Russian plan. I think we should regard this as symptomatic of the future way Soviet Russia intends to have her say—a big say!—in the affairs of Europe.

#### Abyssinia Restored

HAILE SELASSIE's troubles are not over with his restoration to his throne; some of them are just beginning. Put in the opinion of experts in Whitehall he's best able to handle the antagonistic elements within his Empire. British advice will be available whenever he wants it, and the appointment of Mr. R. G.

Howe as the first British Minister in post-war Ethiopia is a sound one.

Mr. Howe has had plenty of experience. He combines tact and forcefulness which is based on a record of well-merited achievement. His father was an engine driver, and Mr. Howe went to an elementary school from which he won scholarships all the way to Cambridge. Even so, I don't think his job as Minister will be any easier than Haile Selassie's.

#### Egyptian Crisis

YOUNG King Farouk has caused a crisis in Egypt. This need be no surprise, for it has been coming for some time. Only Sir Miles Lampson's strong personality and his influence among Egyptian politicians has kept it in the background for so long. Before Italy came into the war she was playing a dirty game in Egypt on Germany's behalf.

King Farouk was flattered by those who urged him, at twenty-two, to take more power unto himself. Several times he's tried to kick over the traces, and now he's done so by seeking a quarrel with Prime Minister Sirry Pasha. The King peevishly complained that he had not been consulted about the closing of the Vichy Government's Embassy in Cairo. He demanded the dismissal of the Foreign Minister, but Sirry Pasha refused to sacrifice a colleague and joined a constitutional issue with the King.

If the situation leads to an all-in national government in Egypt the upset would be well worth while, but this has not been possible

when tempers were calmer so there does not seem to be much likelihood of that happening now. But drastic action will have to be taken if the King will not see reason, for vital British as well as Egyptian interests are at stake.

#### Premier's Problems

M<sup>R</sup>. WINSTON CHURCHILL may regret that he ever committed himself to the appointment of a Minister of Production. None of the departments which would be covered by such a wide co-ordination of powers are willing to surrender their titles to direct authority. This applies particularly to the Ministry of Labour under Mr. Ernest Bevin. The result is that Mr. Churchill has been struggling to produce a compromise plan which will give the new minister the title, but not the power. Politicians assert that this is a defeat for Lord Beaverbrook who has long advocated a Minister of Production and was himself first selected by the Prime Minister for the job.

It becomes clearer that Mr. Churchill only agreed to the appointment to quieten the House of Commons. Previously he had stood out against the idea.

At one time he considered demanding a general election, but this was not possible for voters are scattered, there would be a dangerous interregnum while the election was fought, and lastly, there was no issue to put before the country. So M. Churchill toyed with the idea of a referendum. When he got his overwhelming vote of confidence, however, this was not necessary.

#### The Premier's Pilot Decorated



Captain J. C. Kelly Rogers, who piloted the Prime Minister from Bermuda in January, received the O.B.E. at Buckingham Palace a short time ago. He was awarded the order in the 1941 New Year's Honours for his work in salvaging the flying boat Corsair, which had been regarded as an almost certain loss in the Belgian Congo. Captain Rogers has been for some years working for the British Overseas Airways, Atlantic Division

# Mysel at the Pictures

By James Agate

Technicolor Tease

**A**LYRICAL caption describing an isolated island in the Bahamas, at the beginning of *Bahama Passage*, at the Plaza, rather flabbergastingly concludes with the sentence: "What happens when into this loneliness and repression swaggers a girl who has been around?" The answer is, of course, nothing whatever, until exactly an hour and a half after the question has been posed. (Nine-tenths of the films I see are about young couples who defer to coagulate until a second before the cinema's equivalent of curtain-fall.)

What is the situation on this, so to speak, Bahama? It is this. A buttery-haired young man with a Technicolor torso and whom we shall call Adonis (Mr. Stirling Hayden) manages a hundred and fifty natives on this salt-mining island with no other white company except his mother (Miss Flora Robson) who is ailing and overwrought. His father has lately been killed in circumstances which point to murder.

Adonis is unimpressed. He is a great believer in trust and affection, and has no rods in pickle for his salt-miners. But Adonis's mother advertises for and obtains a more responsible manager who arrives not only with a trunk full of rods in pickle, but with a blonde and burnished daughter whom we shall call Venus (Miss Madeleine Carroll).

Venus drinks neat whisky in her bedroom, and has declaredly a past. To balance this, Adonis has no past at all, with the important exception of a recently-married young wife who insists on living with her mother on the mainland and won't even pay a polite, occasional visit to the nasty, salty island.

The screen seems set for a nice dramatic Maughamesque story. And then, suddenly, nothing whatever happens! The exposition I

have outlined lasts about a quarter of an hour. For the succeeding hour and more the story is in abeyance because Venus is busily using all her blandishments upon Adonis who will give her nothing whatever except what the youthful Shakespeare, in a very similar connection, called "a heavy, dark, disliking eye." It is all languid, sultry, and immensely Technicolor'd—like the Shakespeare:

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Will Adonis go fishing? Yes, he will fish with her, swim with her, explore with her, and bask with her. But he will not—if the word be permitted—romp with her. He has—the hideous truth must out, even if it is left to his mad mamma to tell it—he has a wife! He is another's!

Peals of silvery laughter from Venus, and a sheepish surrender by Adonis? Not on your life! She instantly develops a tragic vein which I found even more incredible than the hour of shilly-shallying in bathing-suits. She repairs to her bedroom cupboard. She even resumes the depraved habit of smoking cigarettes which Adonis had especially asked her to cut down. She accompanies him on a visit to the mainland and, while he calls on his wife, loiters in the "local" with a face of virginal dismay. And then, when time and our patience are nearly up, everything goes right. His mother dies—her father is lynched by the natives—his wife is discovered to be dancing with a sailor when she was supposed to be pining alone.

Whoopee and hurrah! Back to the island

go Venus and Adonis. They will together rule the smiling salt-miners with affection and trust. There will be no more loneliness for him. There will be no more repression for either of them. (I should give them a week; the film gives them eternity.) Both Mr. Haydon and Miss Carroll are sweet and apricot-coloured as—as apricots. But I submit that you can have too much even of apricots.

*Breach of Promise* at the Empire is an English film-farce. It is extremely well appointed and expensive looking, but it remains an English film-farce. A glamorous blonde (Miss Judy Campbell) blackmails a prosperous playwright (Mr. Clive Brook) with a pile of letters which had really been sent to his manager's wife. She also sues him for breach of promise, and he stops her nonsense, temporarily, by marrying her out of hand. Automatic decline of playwright's popularity—descent from luxury and ease to a cubicle in a caravan—dawn of true love in the lady while washing up pots and pans—dawn of interest and forgiveness in dramatist—happy and timely arrival of film contract for a cool \$30,000 or so.

In the earlier stages Mr. Brook cavorts like a bloodhound puppy, always presuming that bloodhounds are ever young enough to be puppies. I had no idea that this actor could relax so convincingly; he can even chuckle. I already had the idea that Miss Campbell was a beautiful creature with more than a little talent; she can improve this by learning not to slouch. But I'd rather see them both telling a likelier story.

This film is accompanied by a documentary from Leningrad, *50° Below Zero*, which takes us immediately and urgently away from all these false values and sham emotions. It is a violent and unfaked exposure of what tank warfare is like in the Russian snows. It is rather horrifying. It sent me out into Leicester Square with half a mind to cross the Circus and savour the Bahama-Plaza tease all over again. After all, that is exactly the kind of flaming nonsense I do best enjoy gazing at—amazingly—through the haze of a good cigar.



Noel Coward to Produce, Co-direct and Star in "In Which We Serve"

Joyce Carey, Bernard Miles and Kay Walsh all have parts in the Coward film of naval life. Heroine is a destroyer. Three subsidiary characters, Captain D., the Chief Petty Officer and the A.B., who represent the three strata of naval life, are to be played by Noel Coward, Bernard Miles and John Mills respectively. Co-director with Coward will be David Lean, who was responsible for the editing of "49th Parallel" and "Major Barbara."



Noel Coward faced the cameras with Major A. M. Sassoon, chairman and managing director of the Two Cities Film Company. This company is known for their presentation of "French Without Tears" and "Freedom Radio." They have started work on the Coward film at Denham. This will be Noel Coward's second film appearance. His one and only previous picture was "The Scoundrel." Playing opposite him in this picture will be Celia Johnson, as the captain's wife

## Captains of the Clouds

James Cagney in a Film Tribute  
to The Royal Canadian Air Force

*Captains of the Clouds*, a Technicolor film directed by Michael Curtiz, which will be presented by Warners in London, New York and Ottawa simultaneously on February 12, is dedicated to the Royal Canadian Air Force, and particularly to those in the Service known as the Bush Pilots. These last are the men who fly odd bits of freight and stray passengers across the vast wastes of Canada from the 49th Parallel to the Arctic Circle. Many of them are now piloting much needed bombers across the Atlantic. The picture has been made with the authority and co-operation of Major the Hon. C. G. Power, P.C., M.C., Minister of National Defence for Air (Canada) and Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, D.S.C., Chief of the Air Staff, R.C.A.F. Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., and other officers and men of the R.C.A.F. are portrayed in the actual performance of their regular duties



Brian MacLean (James Cagney) is a Bush Pilot. He undercuts prices, steals passengers and freight. Dare devil risks result in a blow on the head from the propeller of his own machine. He is nursed back to health by Emily Foster (Brenda Marshall)



MacLean volunteers to fly a Lockheed-Hudson across the Atlantic. Nearing England a Messerschmitt attacks the unarmed bombers. MacLean, realising that it has the power to shoot them all down one by one, rans the enemy. The two planes go down together in flames. The rest of the squadron flies on to England

Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C. reviews the cadets at an R.C.A.F. Training School and presents wings to the newly qualified pilots



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Ridgeway's Late Joys (Player's)

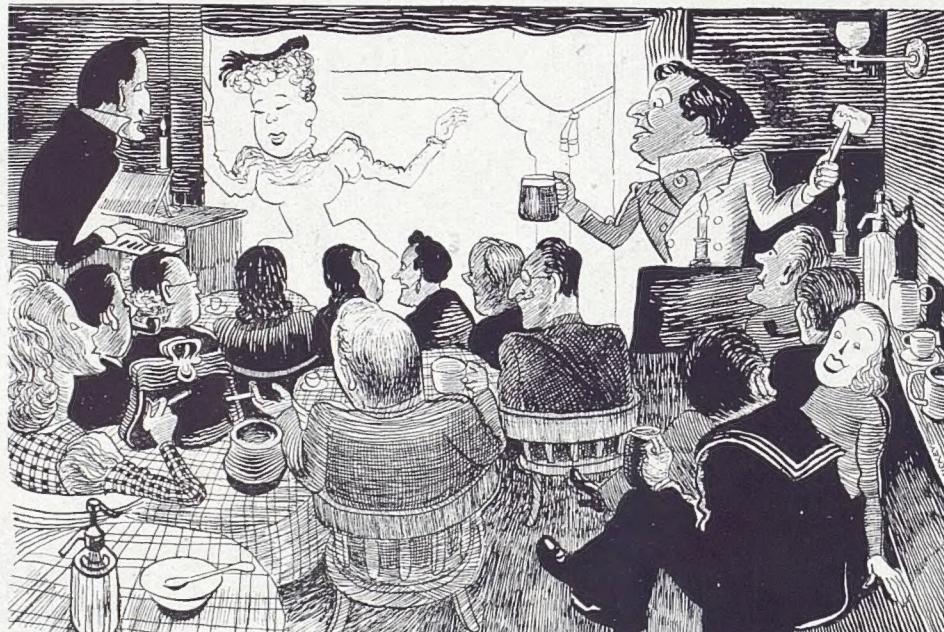
ALTHOUGH, as mentioned the other week, there is now no music-hall in the West End of London, something very like a music-hall is, after all, what you get at the Player's Theatre, which is one of the places of entertainment I visit at short intervals for pleasure as well as at long intervals for duty; for the company off the stage as well as on is so pleasant, the atmosphere is so cheerful, and the show itself is so consistently entertaining that the odds are heavily in favour of a pleasant evening.

True, Leonard Sachs has now and for the duration vacated the chairmanship, but audiences are as packed as ever, and not only does Don Gemmel step valiantly into the official breach, but the artists selected by Mr. Sachs remain (with inevitable exceptions) to do their stuff. It is really in the discriminating selection of artists that Mr. Sachs has made his most valuable contribution to this unique organisation.

NOT once have I heard it complained at the Player's that the performers are not up to scratch; it is, perhaps, the charm and variety of their personalities, more than anything else, that saves "the Victorian joke" from becoming the bore that might so reasonably be

expected and is, in fact, so rarely experienced. But in addition to this, care is now exercised not to harp unduly on such easy themes as the deserted maiden, the unlicensed mother, the light in the window, the snow on the baby and the old armchair.

When Archie Harradine, an unerring artist, sings "Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum," it is to revive, not to ridicule, a bygone ballad; and when Hedli Anderson gives us "We met, 'twas in a crowd," it is with such respectful feeling and restraint that an audience of authentic Victorians would, I feel sure, be no less delighted and affected than we are today.



Sidney Young at the Piano and Don Gemmel, the new Chairman who in the absence of Leonard Sachs holds together an excellent entertainment

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Hedli Anderson sings an old favourite "Down Went the Captain"

THE time may come when we shall be sighing for the old Player's as (though in less degree than) we now sigh for the old Tivoli; for some of the regular performers to be found in Albemarle Street are of the true Tivoli type.

Joan Gates, who, I believe, is only twenty, is a great find, and Marie Lloyd, whose songs she often sings, would have approved of her and would have encouraged her. Miss Gates is strong and professional and instinctive. If her work lacks detail (which she will no doubt achieve in due course) it is faultless in sweep; and when she comes on as a full-blown coon and raises the roof with "Campdown Races," she gives a performance that would collar the toughest gallery that ever whistled through its fingers and that could not fail to be appreciated by the most erudite theatrical antiquarian who ever catalogued the histrionic past.

Vida Hope as a monstrous child of fabulous proportions singing "I'm only a 'ittle durly durl" is another real treat. Rowlandson



Vida Hope, The Monstrous Child, sings "I'm only a 'ittle Durly Durl"

would have delighted to draw her, and to quarter her. She possesses the rare and glorious gift of being funny in herself, words or no words. She has spontaneity and control, two gifts the gods don't commonly bestow in duplicate. And if she could prolong this turn to twice its length it still wouldn't be half long enough for me.

JOAN STERNDALE BENNETT, too, as a male impersonator singing "Give it to father," finished far too quickly. Miss Sterndale Bennett is a mistress of the brisk and the acute. She never makes a mistake. If anything her art is too infallible. And on the last night of

my attendance there were other excellent turns which I haven't space to mention, like Nuna Davey's incredible "Playmates" song—but I have mentioned that now; and I don't regret it. My only serious complaint is that the intervals were too long. A complimentary complaint. I wish I could make it more often.

Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen  
An Apology

In his notice of *Gangway* at the Palladium in our issue of January 7 Mr. Herbert Farjeon strongly criticised a sketch performed in the course of the revue and in the further course of his notice stated that it had been done by Messrs. Flanagan and Allen in *Top of the World*. This was an unfortunate error, as these two popular comedians had not in fact ever appeared in the sketch in question. We desire to express to Messrs. Flanagan and Allen our sincere regret for the error and apologise to them for same, and we trust that this apology will dispel any false impression which the notice may have caused. Mr. Herbert Farjeon desires to be associated with this apology.



Celia and Her Mother  
Mrs. Sidney Lipton

Celia Lipton is the 18-year-old daughter of dance-band leader Sidney Lipton. She first broadcast with her father's band at the age of 15. Later, her brilliant impersonation on the air of Judy Garland in the radio version of *Strike Up the Band* led to her first great chance when she took over Vera Lynn's part at the Palladium for a fortnight. While Sidney Lipton is in the Army, Celia has planned an ambitious programme for herself. Singing lessons are an important part of daily routine. Madame Moisenko, a niece of Madame Kolontai, Soviet Minister to Sweden and the world's first woman diplomat, is her teacher



Morning Practice

Right : Celia with her music teacher, Madame Moisenko

## Practice Makes Perfect

Celia Lipton, 18-Year-Old Star of "Get a Load of This," at the London Hippodrome



# Social Round-about

## The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

### Launching of H.M.S. Duke of York

NEWS that Mr. Churchill made his Atlantic crossing in our newest battleship, H.M.S. Duke of York, brought a reminiscent thrill to the hearts of several hundred privileged people who saw the great ship launched into the Clyde during the first month of the war.

It was a cold, raw, Scottish day when the King and Queen arrived at the shipyard in the course of a several days' tour of Scotland. In attendance on their Majesties was the man who later was to make history by his voyage in the battleship—Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Shipyard designers and workmen, Admiralty experts and officials, cheered and cheered as the King, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, launched the ship and sent her running down the slipways, a formidable addition to the fighting power of the British Navy. Mr. Churchill stood at the King's side, a happy grin of delight on his face.

That same shipyard some twelve months before was the scene of another royal launching, when the Queen, making her first broadcast since the Accession, launched the liner that bears her name, the Queen Elizabeth, and I thought as I watched the battleship take the water what an immense contrast there was between the two scenes—the one described by a score of pens, bruited round the world; the other carried out in such secrecy that, with the loyal co-operation of the Clydeside workers, whose hearts' pride is in the ships they build, most people in this country remained blissfully unaware that a new ship had been launched until a few days ago, when they heard how successfully she had performed her first great mission.

The King, by the way, has taken a close interest in the progress of the ship that bears the name by which he was so long known. So far, he has not had an opportunity of going aboard her.

### King of Greece

KING GEORGE OF GREECE is staying in London. The other night he was dining out with his cousin, Prince Peter, who was in charge of the King's escort during his exciting

adventures, escaping first from Greece, later from the mountain caves of Crete. Prince Peter was being congratulated on all sides on his recent award of the C.B. He is just home from the Middle East. He arrived in London with Admiral Sakellarion, the Greek Minister of Marine, with big ideas for the expansion of the Greek forces in the Near East.

### Lord Louis in London

TALL, good-looking Lord Louis Mountbatten, with the single narrow and broad rings of a Commodore (First Class) on the sleeves of his uniform, has been seen about again recently in the West End. When he has an hour free from his official duties he likes to run up to St. James's in the hope of meeting some of his cronies in Clubland. I met him the other day at luncheon at the Devonshire Club, and judging by the volume of applause that greeted his name when he was mentioned by one of the speakers, a good many of the members seemed to have an idea that he is doing something *very important indeed*, though no whisper of the nature of the hush-hush job that brought Lord Louis back from America and the command of H.M.S. Illustrious last year has ever been allowed to leak out.

Whatever his responsibilities, they have not affected Lord Louis' cheerful manner or his happy smile. He was in the best of spirits at the Devonshire, and cracked several jokes with Admiral Sir Edward Evans—Evans of the Broke—and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister without Portfolio, who were also there. Admiral Evans, with his seven rows of ribbons, must be one of the most bemedalled men in public life. Lord Louis was enjoying the bluff, good, broad Yorkshire humour of Mr. Greenwood, who is, I should think, the only member of the War Cabinet whose favourite luncheon drink is a pint of beer in a tankard. One subject they discussed was post-war reconstruction and its problems, which are Mr. Greenwood's special concern in the Cabinet, and in which Lord Louis takes a very profound interest, holding, like many other thoughtful officers, that it is essential for those who are fighting to win the



### Scottish Romance

MISS Elizabeth Innes, only daughter of the Marchioness of Aberdeen, and of her former husband, the late Captain Guy Innes, C.B.E., R.N., is engaged to Mr. Robert John Chaytor, Gordon Highlanders, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. C. Chaytor, of Thirsk. Mr. Chaytor is serving with his regiment overseas at the present time

war, to be ready and equipped to take a real part in arranging the kind of world we are all going to live in after the peace.

### Congratulations

THE King's Gentlemen-at-Arms often have reason to congratulate sons and daughters of their friends in the Honourable Corps on their engagement or marriage. But just now they are offering good wishes to a member himself, Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, an uncle of Lord Wraxall. He is to be married shortly to Miss Diana Quilter, pretty and popular younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter, who is being showered with congratulations by her many friends. The Brigadier has had a distinguished military career, one of his last public engagements being the command of British troops in Paris at the funeral of Marshal Foch.

Congratulations are going, too, to Mr. Lloyd George's vivacious granddaughter, Miss Eluned



Looking After the Comfort of Our Fighting Forces at Home

Mrs. Tom Sopwith and Lady Leon are busy war workers. Theirs is a full-time job. Six days a week they take a Y.M.C.A. tea car round isolated spots in the Home Counties, where small groups of men are stationed. It takes little imagination to realise just what a visit of this kind means to the men

Lady Bearsted is another hard worker. She has entire charge of the organisation and general management of the sixteen cars operating from the Central London headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., which cover an average of 2000 miles in a week, and serve more than 2500 cups of tea a day. She is seen mapping out a route for Mrs. Lister-Kaye



Lady Forrester has turned her London home into a canteen for the Forces. Frequently over 3000 men are served in the canteen in one day. Everyone lends a hand, and sometimes the boys themselves find their way into the kitchen and help with the washing-up. The reading-room, once Lady Forrester's bedroom, is a popular place for a game of draughts



Irish Racegoers

Poole, Dublin

Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of Lord Roden's son and heir, Lieut.-Commander Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., got a good tip from Mrs. Hugh Delmege (right). Mrs. Delmege's husband, the well-known Irish G.R., is now serving in the Middle East. Her father, the late Lt.-Col. R. H. Keane, was Master of the West Waterford Hounds from 1921 to 1923

Carey-Evans, who is being married in Canada on St. Valentine's Day. Her mother, Lady Carey-Evans, has not seen her son-in-law-to-be, for the two young people only met after the outbreak of war, when Eluned began to study medicine in Toronto University, and he has had no opportunity yet of visiting this country.

He is Captain Robert Laidlaw Macmillan, of the Canadian Scottish, so there is a chance that he may be sent over here eventually. Meanwhile, he has been lucky enough to get long enough leave to arrange for a winter sports honeymoon.

#### Four-Day Honeymoon

THE Hon. Mrs. James Woods is back on tour, singing with the Sadler's Wells Company, after her four-day honeymoon, and her husband, Lieut. James Woods, an officer in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve, has rejoined his unit. They had a very gay wedding at St. Ethelburga's Church in the City, with the bride's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, to do the honours.

Mrs. Lubbock was responsible for the romance. When "Jimmy" Woods and his brother, John, came to this country with the Canadian Forces a year ago she invited them to her home, where her sister, the Hon. Victoria Verena Stanley, met them both and fell in love with Jimmy. Mrs. Lubbock and Mrs. Woods are, of course, the sisters of Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The Woods boys are grandsons of Sir James Woods, of Toronto, who was Director of Purchases in the British War Mission to the United States in the last war, and was knighted for his services. His family and Lord Stanley's have long been good friends.

#### An Allied Afternoon

ROUND about 1,200 people attended Free French Day at the Officers' Sunday Club last week, when General de Gaulle was the guest of honour. Finding one's own snow-boots in the general mêlée on leaving Grosvenor House was a major operation. The Club's energetic founder and organiser, the Dowager Lady Townsend, made a speech welcoming General de Gaulle and his fellow officers, saying how happy she was to see them there. The General replied in "two words"—one would have liked much more—but said he believed in the principle of "the longer the war the shorter the speech." An R.A.F. band provided excellent dance music, and André Randall, late of the Folies Bergères, entertained. Mrs. Clarke, herself a charming Alsacienne, was hostess to the Free French and Czech guests, and helped Lady



Aid to Russia

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, Lord Stanley of Alderley's sister, went to the committee meeting in connection with the concert at Wyndham's Theatre for Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Fund. She is seen talking to Mr. Otto Lampel. The marriage of Mrs. Lubbock's youngest sister, the Hon. Victoria Stanley, is reported on this page

Townsend organise a very successful afternoon. She had at her table, besides General de Gaulle, General Vallin, C.-in-C. of the Free French Air Force; Capitaine de Vaisseau Ortoni, Colonel Luguet, formerly Military Attaché in Russia, who joined the Free French a short time ago; Mrs. Amery and Lady Sinclair.

Czechoslovakia was represented by General Viest, Colonel Monzer and Colonel Lucas, amongst others. Another distinguished Frenchman was Colonel Billotte, who was a prisoner in Germany, and escaped to this country via Russia, bringing with him 200 other escaped prisoners. Yet another was General Legentilhomme—how well the name fits!—complaining that so many people here now speak perfect French that he is forgetting his English.

#### Roosevelt's Birthday

THERE was a terrific to-do in London about this date, and celebrations were arranged all over the place, including a tea party at Grosvenor House of which Admiral Sir Edward Evans was chairman. It was got up by a committee consisting of Mr. Sydney Walton, Mr. F. H. Bentley, Miss Ruth Tomlinson, M.B.E., Mr. Charles A. Dana and Mr. E. S. Scudder.

Boy Scouts carried in a big birthday cake and sixty red candles, which were later auctioned by Mr. George Hicks. The chairman made a speech; Lady Evans cut the cake, and Dr. Wellington Koo made a speech. Then Miss Marjorie Gullans recited part of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, which was afterwards sung by some of the choir of Southwark Cathedral; Mr. Sydney Walton read a cable to be sent to Mr. Roosevelt, and then the candles were auctioned—they raised 87 guineas, to be sent to the Warm Springs Foundation. So it went on to its natural conclusion—the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

People I noticed were Sir Earle Page, Lord Barnby, Sir Harry Brittain, Admiral Gormley, Admiral Mark Kerr with a mass of medals, and Mr. L. S. Amery. There were, of course, many diplomats, M.P.s, and so on.

#### Colonel Laycock Home Again

A WELL-KNOWN clubman of peace days who is back in this country after winning fame for himself with the Commandos in Libya is Colonel Robert Laycock, who used to be Adjutant of the "Blues." Robert Laycock, a fine sportsman, was one of the earliest leaders of the Commandos. He was in the rearguard action in Crete, but just managed to get away. Later he and his gallant band of supermen made themselves famous throughout the Middle



Lord Camden's Son Married

Captain the Earl of Brecknock, Scots Guards, was married very quietly at the Marylebone Register Office to Mrs. Averil Hallett. Only three guests were present at the wedding: Lady Irene Crawford, the bridegroom's sister, and Sir James and Lady Ritchie, brother-in-law and sister of the bride

East by the daring of their raids on Bardia. Then came the day when Robert Laycock failed to return to his base. For months he was missing, and it was not until the end of December that the official telegram arrived at Wiseton Hall, bringing the good news of his safety and homecoming to his father, General Sir Joseph Laycock, and mother, and to his young and very decorative wife, Angela Dudley Ward that was.

#### Dancing in London

I SAW Lady Doverdale dancing in a very plain black frock in one of the smart niteries. Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson was there too, also wearing a black frock, but hers had a striped waistband. She is now one of our women pilots in the A.T.A. The Hon. Mrs. Davies, still remembered as Eileen Brougham, was dining with her husband, who commands a battalion of the Grenadiers, and a friend. Others there were Helen Drummond, wearing a lovely Persian lamb coat, and a diamond star in her hair. She was up from Henley for a few days, where she is living with her two small daughters. Her husband, David Drummond, is in the Irish Guards. Gerald Drabble, in the 16/5th Lancers, was with his very attractive wife, who comes from the Argentine. They were married in Yorkshire last autumn. He told me it was the last night of his leave before he returned to duty up north, where he has an A.D.C. job.

#### Week-end in London

WEEK-ENDS in London seem very gay. I found Prince Vsevolode and his wife, Lady Mary Lygon that was, having drinks on Sunday morning with friends at a favourite meeting-place. Clive Graham, now a captain, was there too, with his attractive wife, who is Lord North's sister. He was one of our youngest racing correspondents in pre-war days. Straight up from Eton, he walked into the Express office and so staggered that famous editor, Arthur Christjansen, with his racing knowledge that he was given a job right away. Others in London over the week-end were Colin Buist and his wife, Tony Gillson, and Rosemary Dorrien-Smith, who was a Lucas-Tooth and is the very pretty widow of Robert Dorrien-Smith, who was in the 15/9th Hussars, always known to his friends as "the Queen," and who died of wounds in France in 1940.

At the Mirabelle I saw Lady Mordaunt in country clothes and Bunty Hesketh-Hughes. The new Lady Petre and her great friend Celia Byass were there too, dining with Rupert Byass and Evan Williams of Grand National fame.

(Concluded on page 212)



President Roosevelt's Birthday Celebrated in London

An afternoon party in honour of President Roosevelt's sixtieth birthday was held at Grosvenor House for representatives of the twenty-six nations which signed the Declaration of Solidarity in Washington last month. Admiral Sir Edward Evans presided. He is seen on the right, while his wife, Lady Evans, cuts the birthday cake. Between them sits Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador



The sixty candles on the birthday-cake were auctioned by Mr. George Hicks, M.P., the proceeds going to Warm Springs Foundation, in which President Roosevelt is specially interested. Mr. Hicks is the Labour Member for East Woolwich, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and Buildings



A Cheque from America

Miss Caroline Haslett presented a cheque for 12,376 dollars to Mr. Bertram Cruger, of the British War Relief Society of America. In the centre is Mrs. Drexel Biddle, wife of the American Ambassador to the Allied Governments. The money was a gift from Piccadilly Arcade, New York



London Wrens Have a New Canteen

Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, opened a new Y.M.C.A. canteen for W.R.N.S. members working at headquarters. Above Mrs. V. Laughton Mathews, Director, W.R.N.S., and the Hon. Mrs. Erskine, of the Y.M.C.A., watch Mrs. Alexander cut the blue ribbon stretched across the buffet

A Lunch for Allied Representatives



The Chairman and Council of St. Dunstan's gave a lunch at Grosvenor House to representatives of Allied countries who are in Britain to see our war effort. Mr. F. Y. Chai, from China, sat next to Lady Pearson, president of St. Dunstan's, and Captain Sir Ian Fraser, the chairman

Visiting Harrow recently, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia opened a hostel for nurses, and distributed certificates and prizes in the Speech Room at Harrow School

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia at Harrow





## Lady Irene Crawfurd and Her Son

Lady Irene Crawfurd, Lord Camden's elder daughter, married Charles Claud Crawfurd, Coldstream Guards, a nephew of Sir Robert Pigot, in 1937. Their only child, Peter Roderic, was born in 1938. Lady Irene was one of the three guests present at the very quiet wedding, which took place recently at Marylebone Register Office, of her brother, Captain the Earl of Brecknock, Scots Guards, and Mrs. Averil Hallett (see page 189). The Crawfurds are living at The Leaze, Malmesbury

*Photographs by  
Marcus Adams*

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**R**EMOVING the Emperor of Japan's Garter banner from his stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, turned out, as usual, to be about as imposing a ceremony as moving a hen-house, our spies report.

Since the fine mediæval ritual of trampling on a false Garter knight's banner, in the presence of all the Order, vested and arrayed, and kicking it down the Chapel steps was abandoned at the request of the M.C.C., the Garter hierarchy might just as well have this removal business carried out in five minutes by a couple of warehousemen in shirtsleeves and bowler hats. Yet one would imagine the Garter above all Orders needed all the august ceremonial possible. Have you ever reflected on its somewhat indelicate origin, which moved that distinguished but censorious critic Léon Bloy to acid meditation on the topic of highborn fopsies' suspenders as a badge of honour for the haughtiest aristocracy in the world?

**Footnote**

ACCUSTOMED to blushing freely at the goings-on of foreigners, the Island Race rarely realises, we find, that it has more than once profoundly shocked French delicacy, apart from the Garter business. Many eighteenth-century English stage comedies, for example, were banned in France, as brutal, licentious, and morally subversive, and another Island diversion

of the period inspired Slogger "Night-Thoughts" Young to a loud cry of agony: O Britain, infamous for suicide!  
In ambient waves, plunge thy polluted head,  
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the Continent!  
Interestin', what?

**Sanctions**

**I**F the two naval and military commanders at Pearl Harbour are court-martialled for neglect of duty and found guilty, the death penalty can be inflicted, we understand; not that it would be.

In this country, we haven't put a faulty brasshat to death since we had Admiral Lord Byng shot with full ceremonial in 1757 for neglecting to defeat the French; an execution which the Admiral's memorial tablet at Southill, Bedfordshire, describes as a disgrace to Publick Justice and a political martyrdom. (It also inspired Voltaire's best-known crack, about the British custom of shooting admirals *pour encourager les autres*. Forty years later the Revolution was chopping dud generals' heads off with vim and verve.)

This page seems to have gone slightly anti-brasshat lately, through no wish of our own, also—to our sincere astonishment and grief—slightly anti-feminist. We hasten to assure you we don't want all brasshats, or all women shot; especially brasshats, who have such beautiful boots.



"Excuse me, Sir—but have you seen a man pass this way about the same build as yourself and wearing rather similar clothes?"



"And just before my medical I'm darned if my arches didn't crumble"

**Rite**

**W**HEN King David danced before the Ark, an expert on ballet conjectured the other day, he did not leap or twirl or pirouette or execute any of the *fouettés* or *entrechats* or fancy whatnots you see at Sadler's Wells; he moved in a slow, solemn, hieratic measure, probably resembling one of the dignified old dances Bach wrote music for, a saraband or a passacaglia.

This guess seems likely enough when one thinks of the Dance of the Seises in Seville Cathedral, the only sacred dance left in Europe, performed between prayers, before the High Altar on certain notable feasts by six boys in blue and white costume and plumed hats of the time of Philip IV.; a grave intricate kind of minuet with castanets and *coplas*—sung to the music of Eslava, deliberate, graceful, and highly impressive. Relatively the nearest kind of secular dance, the Dance of the Sahibs, which you can see in any Mayfair ballroom or restaurant, is marred by an expression of frozen pain or wooden agony which the Seises lack.

Very often the Sahibs, while dancing, seem to be dead from the waist up, though their legs shuffle and waggle continuously. They invariably clasp a female, equally frozen. One is forced frequently to the conclusion that if these species marry, their children will not be terribly interesting. The Dance of the Sahibs is said by some scholars to be a fertility rite, if you can believe that.

**Racket**

**A**RICH reek of whisky and tartuffery having surrounded General Gordon's name since Lytton Strachey took him in hand, it was agreeable to read a *Times* letter praising this great soldier on the fifty-seventh anniversary of his heroic death at Khartoum.

Whether Gordon ever hit the bottle as Strachey affirms we can't say, never having examined sources. Probably not—but how picturesque! Old Testament in one hand, decanter in the other—how amusing, how rhythmic, how chic! And how it inspired the booksy rabble immediately to cash in.

(Concluded on page 194)

# Leopardstown Racing

The Favourite Falls at the Last Fence in the Red Cross 'Chase



**Mrs. Joe McGrath Leads In the Winner**

Durbar, the 100 to 6 winner of the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown, Dublin, Willie O'Grady up, was led in by his owner, Mrs. Joe McGrath. Her husband, Mr. Joe McGrath, works hard to promote these races to swell the Red Cross funds. Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent, a very hot favourite for the event, fell at the last fence



**Here They Come!**

Mr. Freddie Myerscough, who headed the list of winning Irish owners last season, and his daughter, Mrs. Slattery, were enthusiastic spectators of the race. She is the wife of Major "Monty" Slattery, R.A.M.C., and is a well-known artist



**In the Stand**

Mr. J. D. Craig and Mrs. Lywood watched the finish from the stand. Mr. Craig, and Mrs. Lywood's husband, Captain R. G. Lywood, are members of the staff in Dublin of Sir John Maffey, the British representative in Eire

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



**Three Mackintoshes**

The weather was bad at Leopardstown, but Miss R. Bell, Mr. A. D. Dixon and Miss Kay Dudgeon came prepared. In the absence of her father, Major J. Hume Dudgeon, who has rejoined the Scots Greys, Miss Dudgeon is hunting the North Kildare Harriers for the Master, Mrs. A. H. Cornell



**Two Umbrellas**

Miss Tina Nixon, only daughter of Sir Christopher Nixon, Bt., and Lady Nixon, was at Leopardstown with her mother. Lady Nixon entertains a good deal at Loughlinstown House, Co. Dublin. Her three sons are serving in the British Army



**Sporting Personalities**

Countess Taaffe was with Major Johnnie O'Rorkie, the all-round Irish sportsman, who is a polo player, big-game hunter and fisherman. He is again renting Lord Conyngham's beat on the River Boyne. Countess Taaffe is the daughter of Mr. E. D. McLaughlin

# Standing By...

(Continued)

on debunking every other great figure in history, digging feverishly in the refuse heaps of Grub Street and being very, very careful not to check their evidence! However, they've faded out now.

Poor little Lucrezia Borgia, most slandered of blondes, had to wait nearly 400 years before a scientific historian like Funck-Bretano probed the case and found her biographers had been handing on the tales of hired anti-Borgia pamphleteers. Mary Queen of Scots, for whom, as Dr. Johnson said, any decent man would be glad to die, was cleared only about forty years ago. The booksy racket badly needs the attentions of the L.C.C. Sanitary and Public Health Department, we've often thought. Ring WATerloo 5000 and ask for Dusty.

### Clanjamfry

FOR using the adjective "Scotch" for "Scottish", not long ago, we were attacked by a blood-crazed M.A. (Edin.) and practically clawed to pieces. Yet when the hairy old controversy cropped up again in a daily paper the other day, that distinguished man of letters Lord Alfred Douglas, whose family has had a lot to do with Scotland, off and on, observed that "Scotch" was good enough for Sir Walter Scott, and for him.

Equally for James Boswell, we may add, and also for Robert Burns, whose vogue has lately somewhat obscured the superior claims of the great Scotch poet Dunbar. Turning up the cleanly but supercilious Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, we found this magister ducking behind the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which itself weakly hedges on the point. A bit of a let-down, we thought; the overbearing Fowler being usually more dictatorial than Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin combined, and perpetually and unconditionally infallible, unlike the Pope.

Slogger Fowler's celebrated manual is a constant pleasure to us, incidentally. His manner is that of the most acidly unpleasant type of English schoolmaster, a bit of a snob, a bit of a prig, and something of an insular bigot; actually, we believe, he was a man of great cultivation, charm, and gentleness, which just shows how writers differ from their works. Would you believe that we ourselves—one of Fowler's "uneasy half-literates"—cry heartbrokenly over a lost kitten or a poor dumb, bewildered, wide-eyed little actress?

### Rap

M OULMEIN, near which our troops are standing to check the Japanese advance into Burma, is one of the beautiful, exotic places with whose name every Briton is familiar, like Nice, Manchester, and Bognor Regis. It also brought Kipling lashings of trouble in recent years from the Plain Man.

The Plain Man, having taken a pleasure cruise in the East in large numbers, discovered that Moulmein with its pagoda is not on the Road to Mandalay or to anywhere, and does not face the Bay of Bengal at sunrise, wrote to Kipling, complaining furiously, and badgered Irrawaddy steamer-captains out of their lives. Instead of dismissing the Plain Man as a dull, self-sufficient, ignorant ass and urging him to shut his trap, as the gentle Whistler did, Kipling went to great lengths to explain, which is silly. Far simpler, we've always thought, to insert a footnote to the opening verse, something like:

*Note.—The Old Moulmein Pagoda faces nowhere, has no bell, Lacks a roof, romance, and plumbing, and you saps can go to hell.*

This is less trouble than asking the Plain Man to call, and then beating him up, as Tennyson used to do.

### Revolt

THINGS are coming to a pretty pass, as the Rugger Blue said laughingly when he tossed the poor little actress into the scrum, when one finds desperate citizens writing to the papers saying they've had a basinful of New World planning, and will the myriad little self-appointed planners kindly lay off it a bit for Heaven's sake?

Our own unfortunate position, as we've hinted before, is that the main lines of a new world order have been already laid down so admirably and finally by popular fictional best-sellers that almost any kind of post-war world will seem to us an earthly Paradise so long as those boys have no hand in it. Not that we don't admire these thinkers, but we feel a bit more intimate acquaintance with the big wicked world outside these happy islands would do them good, perhaps, and moreover they all seem to think "democracy" means the same thing abroad as it does here, so far as it means anything here; which is plainly cock-eyed.

### Afterthought

BUT we don't feel it's much good chaps begging the pundits to put a sock in it. Some of them have had a sock in it for years, and at least one notoriously can and does talk with ease through three thicknesses of whacking great warm woolly Wilton blanket; a feat, we regret to say, once attributed by Slogger Wells to a *Times* leader-writer. We are—er—now taking you over to—er—hear a programme of—er—music by Bugs—er—Burpstein on the—er—grand organ of the—er—Folderido.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"There is no truth, as yet, in the report that British soldiers, dressed as Japanese, are now landing in the Caroline Islands"



## Diplomacy at Work

The Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan,  
G.C.M.G., C.B., at the Foreign Office

Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1938, Sir Alexander Cadogan has played an important part in all decisions affecting British foreign policy in recent years. In 1933 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and later Ambassador, at Pekin, and succeeded Sir Robert Vansittart to his present post at the Foreign Office. Sir Alexander, who is an expert on Central European affairs, was Assistant to the British delegate to the League of Nations for ten years. He is the younger son of the fifth Earl of Cadogan, and married in 1912 Lady Theodosia Acheson, daughter of the fourth Earl of Gosford, and they have a son and three daughters.



*In the Library*

*Sir Alexander Cadogan Looks Over the Morning's Mail*

*Past and Present: Sir Alexander with the Bust of Charles James Fox*





Lady Brunner throws a snowball at Hugo, who is sheltering behind the upturned sledges. In the background are the ruins of the old fortified castle. The keep on the right is used for storing farm produce



Hugo hauls his sleigh up to the top of the house at Greys Court was restored and

## Home for the Holidays

Lady Brunner and  
Her Four Sons

Sir Felix and Lady Brunner have four sons: John, heir to the baronetcy, aged 15, who is now at Eton; Barnabas, 10, Dan, 9, and Hugo, 7. Holidays are exciting days at Greys Court, the lovely Oxfordshire home of the Brunners, which is built near the famous old mediæval castle besieged and laid waste in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Lady Brunner, who married Sir Felix in 1926, is the granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Irving and was herself on the stage before her marriage. Sir Felix, now a Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R., succeeded his father, the late Sir John Fowler Brunner, in 1929. He is chairman of the Brunner Investment Trust and of Madeley Collieries. In the last war, when only 19, he served as a Lieutenant, R.F.A. Much of the land round Greys Court is now being farmed and both Sir Felix and Lady Brunner are keen agriculturists



Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Family Goes Tobogganing. Cooleen is Quite Content to be an Onlooker in this Game



hill for another run down. The present modernised by Sir Felix and Lady Brunner



War in the nursery is planned by John and Barnabas against the younger members of the family. Hugo is taking no chances, but Dan looks philosophically on



Hugo is Blitzed Out of Cover by His Big Brother John



Lady Brunner with Cooleen, the Golden Labrador, and Sophy



PHOTO BY TANDER  
APRIL 11, 1942

Loretta Young, Great Lady of 1842  
The thirty-two elaborate gowns and costumes which Loretta wears in "The Men in Her Life" were designed in New York by Walter LeMaire and Lily Dache. A specially fitted wardrobe had to be built in the studios to hold them, for all are of the hoop-skirt period with masses of frills and countless petticoats

"Bedtime Story" to be told, and a dressing-gown of pale pink satin shimmering with pearls for the telling

Bold plaid in shades of brown and beige, the wide sleeves solidly brown, is the right idea for a morning's shopping



The biggest-ever pearl hatpins adorn this Lily Dache picture-hat looped with fine silk veiling to frame the face

White  
over a  
more

## Beauty in Two Centuries

Loretta Young

Glamour Girl of 1842 and 1942

For a cocktail-party, Loretta chooses a three-quarter-length tunic with matching sleeves, the monotony relieved by a trifling necklace of precious jewels

And, at night, "for coming," Loretta suggests with white flowers, encrusted





Velvet is gathered into voluminous folds  
ruffled tulle underskirt. At the neck  
uffed tulle and beaded embroidery



A sleeveless cape with sable  
goes over a brown wool dress.  
The Cossack hat is sable, too



A parasol, for coquetry, is added in case you  
should think this horsehair lace, braid loop trim-  
ming and roses a little lacking in magnificence

Within the coming months two new Loretta Young films made by Columbia will be seen in this country. They are *The Men in Her Life*, adapted from Lady Eleanor Smith's *Ballerina* under producer-director Gregory Ratoff, and *Bedtime Story*, contribution of that ace comedy director Alexander Hall. In the first Loretta portrays the private life and affairs of a celebrated danseuse in the middle 1800's. Involved romantically and professionally in her career are such stars as Conrad Veidt, Dean Jagger, Eugenie Leontovich, Otto Kruger and John Sheppard. As Polly Varney, the London slum child who becomes Lina Marsavina, one of the great theatrical figures of her day, Loretta has a straight, dramatic and highly emotional role which carries her through fifteen years of growing magnificence. In *Bedtime Story*, a deft featherweight comedy of modern Broadway, Loretta, actress-wife of sophisticated playwright Fredric March, has such brilliant veterans as Robert Benchley, Allayn Joslyn, Eve Arden, Helen Westley, Joyce Compton to support her. In this film, Loretta's costumes are as magnificently modern as they are royally rich in *The Men in Her Life*

welcome home-  
lite crepe trimmed  
d with rhinestones

Or "for glamour when dining at home," what about  
this emerald jersey gown? Of course, you'll need  
a few brilliants at the throat to get the Loretta effect



Loretta Young, Glamour Girl of 1942  
More modest in yardage, but hardly less magnificent in effect, is the dazzling  
white modern evening gown of "Bedtime Story." It was designed by  
Irene, with a scalloped tunic, a trailing skirt and, just to make certain of  
the dazzle, patterned all over with gold sequins and white bugle beads

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Black Book

I HAVE to hand, this week, one of the most massive, impassive and detailed indictments of Nazi Germany that have so far appeared: *The German New Order in Poland* (published for the Polish Ministry of Information by Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) has been compiled from carefully sifted evidence; if anything, it is an understatement, for it confines itself to facts that have been checked—the extent of the outrage to cut-off Poland is far greater than can be told here.

The compilers permit themselves no expression of feeling; the book has the absolute coldness of a report. As you will guess, this is not easy reading. One's imagination, in its refusal to suffer, may instinctively close itself against facts these pages contain. And to take in some of the statements one must think twice—not because there is anything not clear, but because, even after two years of this war, much of the matter seems incredible. But I feel—and I cannot put this too strongly—that in so far as we are people fighting for moral decency, it is our business to know the lengths to which moral indecency can go.

Conquered Poland—prostrate in body, though never, never in spirit—has provided for Nazi Germany the field in which to express its driving idea. Here, therefore, we see the much-talked-of New Order being put—in so far as the conqueror's force can put it—into effect. In Poland, the New Order stands to be judged.

The New Order cannot be imposed on any country that retains an organic life of its own. Therefore, the aim of the Nazis has been to extinguish the life of Poland. In the Poles, the Nazis have found themselves confronted by a nation whose tenacity to its own ideals, whose courage, spirituality and resistance power had become a legend long before Germany, as we now know it, integrated at all.

Poland has written her name on history in large, noble letters. Her continuity, as we may see from history, has been a psychological rather than a territorial affair; the country has been steeled and made aristocratic by a long and never untroubled past. No country that did not, above all, passionately honour its own name could have kept that name in such evident honour.

## Methods

SUCH a country confronted the Germans after the occupation. The German cruelties of which this book gives evidence have, among other things, a sort of hysterical quality traceable to inferiority or superstitious fear. The Germans martyrise Poland because they do truly hate her—here is much more than a matter of policy. But there is, also, the element of policy that the very words "New Order" suggest.

The German New Order in Poland demonstrates, conclusively, one important point. What has happened in Poland since 1939 has been much more than an aggregate of atrocities committed at random or in hot blood. (We find thus, as the compilers point out, an essential difference between these Polish atrocities and the Belgian atrocities of the 1914 war.)

In this Polish case, there has been a method behind—and a method, one can only feel, thought out in Hell. In so far as the mean can measure the great, the Germans have tried to measure the Polish spirit, in the hopes of destroying it more effectively. The attempt to annihilate Poland's "polishness" has thus the thoroughness of a campaign.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

REMARKING how serious minded were the pubs in Scotland, my friends answered: "We'll tak ye to the Star on Sat'day neicht. Ye maybe won't be thinking that way then!" I looked forward to a jolly evening. The sing-song room at the Star is at the further end of a dark passage. Over the mantelpiece hangs an illustration of Queen Victoria being crowned. On the wall opposite is the picture of an old sheep-dog with his head resting on a coffin. On another wall there is an enlargement, presumably of a former proprietor in deep mourning. Over the window hangs a black curtain.

Towards seven o'clock the song-singers creep in quietly and arrange themselves into coteries and are soon engrossed in what appears to be solemn conclaves. The local Magdalen, being sober at this time of the evening, is a pluperfect lady. "Things'll liven up presently," remarked my friends encouragingly. They did.

A spotted youth, presumably the son of the manager, sat down at the Victorian piano, the tone of which was uncertain but the notes recognisable. He took us down Lullaby Lane, we visited Number Nothing Nowhere Street; we mourned for a Russian Rose, we yearned after Dolores. Finally, he "swung" Annie Laurie so vigorously that it must have made every lover of Robby Bur-rns feel sick. Nobody protested, however. I don't really think they were listening. The spotted youth departed. He was followed

by an elderly gentleman, venerable though dilapidated, whose arrival was warmly received. Evidently he was going to be our star turn. The local Magdalen ordered her third nip.

The venerable gentleman started off with a selection of favourite Scotch airs. Then he burst into quavering song. His first told of a dying soldier who begged his pal to send the bunch of vi-o-lets, hidden beneath his tunic, to his sweet-heart. He finished to a round of applause. Everybody ordered another and the local Magdalen had her fourth. His second song told of a mother in extremis, who implored her boy never to follow in his father's drunken footsteps—since, because of it, he had been found frozen to death in a ditch. But the success of the evening—and it had to be repeated—told in the slowest possible tempo the pathetic plight of a blind boy. Most of us were on the verge of tears after this. Everybody ordered another; the Magdalen drank her fifth.

One of the audience got up and sang a comic song. It fell flat. The Magdalen got up and sang a rude ditty about the misfortunes which befell a young woman coming home from the fair. It fell flatter.

The evening ended with "Time, gentlemen, please!" We marched out unsteadily, but all serene. Another gay night at the Star had come to an end. I found it typical of almost every public-house sing-song where men predominate. I wonder why.



The Rane of Sarawak

The wife of Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, heard the news on the wireless of the evacuation of the State by British forces early in January. Last year the Rajah commemorated the centenary of the Brooke rule in Sarawak by divesting himself of absolute legislative power. Lady Brooke is sister of Viscount Esher, and an authoress of note

The Polish people, in thousands, are torn from their homes and shunted like cattle from place to place. The home, the family unit—last source of comfort and power and courage on behalf of those whom we love—is subjected to a calculated attack. All possible leaders, people most likely to inspire or give direction to feeling—priests, pastors and rabbis, professors and teachers, landowners with their patriarchal tradition, civic dignitaries, the professional classes, writers, austere students—have been marked out for massacre or degrading imprisonment. Polish culture, in all its strongholds, is persecuted.

Final attack is on the spirit—the Nazis are out to injure Poland's abiding loyalty to her friends. She is meant to cry out, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" A number of Poles, including young women, have been executed for the crime of tearing down a German poster that shows England as responsible for the Polish ruin, and shows England as turning her face away.

To read this book, with its strange, dry, cold record of facts, is to enter, to the limited extent to which we are able, into the Polish suffering. Few of us know Poland. Few of us can pronounce the Polish place names—in happier days this difficulty was a joke. We must piece Poland together from a few photographs, a

(Concluded on page 202)



The R.A.C. in Peace and War: by Lionel Edwards

“If there isn’t a gap, why they makes one!”—Handley Cross (Surtees)

## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

few mental images, a few travellers' tales—cathedrals (now desecrated) soaring into the sunshine out of trees and the pointed roofs of towns, country estates deep in silence, wide open lands, squares animated on market days, the contented busyness of small towns, the forest resorts to which, in the hot summers, city dwellers could happily penetrate.

The Poles, at once religious and gay, are natural lovers of life and lovers of life. They would seem to be a people without a death-wish—is this one reason why the Germans hate them so much?

### Ordeal

We must try to remind ourselves what it must be like to suffer in one's own country—to see horror imprinted on what had been happy, loved and familiar scenes. And remember, one part of the German method is to keep Polish nerves on the stretch—what may yet happen is more demoralising to the imagination than what has already happened, however bad.

No individual in occupied Poland knows what his own fate, or that of his brother or neighbour, may be from day to day. Everything is done to the Polish people that may create round them that worst aspect of nightmare—expectation of an extreme evil that one does not exactly know.

Trainloads of deported men, women and children, destinations unknown, allowed to take nothing with them, halt and shunt through the frozen country in midwinter. In the hurry of the enforced departure, families that had nothing left but each other have been broken up, husbands and wives parted—with little hope of reunion—children and helpless old people lost. The unwilling travellers are packed, for days together, into sealed trucks. An eye-witness saw one of these trucks opened: some children dropped out weakly into the snow. There were lumps of ice on their faces. Their tears had frozen.

*The German New Order in Poland* is a large volume, a model of compression and

clearness. Its contents fall under four main headings: "Persecutions, Murders, Expulsions," "Pillage and Economic Exploitation," "The Struggle Against the Polish Spirit," and "German Lawlessness." Under these headings there are subdivisions into parts and chapters. Illustrations are numerous. I must repeat that the main force of the book resides in its dispassionate-ness. Its compilers have worked to render a detailed statement, never to make a case.

One chapter contains the report of an Englishwoman who, in the autumn of 1939, remained for long enough in the town of Bydgoszcz to see through the first phase of the occupation. "An old lawyer and his wife were being expelled from the town, destitute. . . . I went to say good-bye and tried to give them some comfort. The old man said, 'Yes, we know that Poland will rise again. England has promised, and to doubt her word and her honour would be to doubt the mercy of God.'"

### The Chieftain at Home

To pass to fiction, after this kind of fact, I might well make fiction seem rather trivial and thin. I think these days make one impatient, in novels, with tragedies that seem at all brain-spun or worked up. I find myself much more inclined to salute the great and remainingly noble spirit of Comedy.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie—when he turns to this vein—shows himself one of our masters of comic writing: his feeling for the ridiculous is superb. *The Monarch of the Glen* (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.) is a riotous piece of virtuosity with Highland characters and a Highland scene.

Ben Nevis, Laird of Glenbogle Castle, gets away with everything short of murder. He is a Macdonald. Only his lady, the statuesque Trixie (an Englishwoman with alarmingly few illusions) ever has a deflating effect on him. Two hefty daughters (who have crashed through some London seasons) and three inarticulate, big-boned sons complete the Glenbogle family group. To this, for an August visit, have been added a trio of visitors from the New World.

Chester Royde, Junior, of New York, owes his Highland experience to his wife

Carrie, who is a Canadian Macdonald and feels fey on finding herself among the ancestral glens. Ben Nevis's amiability to the Roydes owes something to the fact that they are millionaires, and that Chester Royde has brought with him his sister, the charming Myrtle, whom the laird designs as a bride for his eldest son.

From the family pipers who play them into dinner, every aspect of Glenbogle hypnotises the Roydes. Chester Royde, with his "marshmallow complexion," earnestly aspires to qualify for a kilt: he is stuck, at a high price, with Knocknacally Lodge and its doubtful shooting by Ben Nevis's lesser ally, Kilwhillie (a Cameron)—who has a dank but determined manner, a faded moustache and a faded kilt.

The Roydes also throw themselves, heart and soul, into Ben Nevis's epic battle against the hikers. For hikers—and any possible form of campers—are red rags to our Monarch of the Glen. From the moment hikers—a batch of high-minded Cockneys, in shorts, with a portable wireless—invade the sacred Drumcockie Moors, the action becomes furious and the fun never stops.

A couple of Scottish Nationalists, from Glasgow, also camping, add to the complications—but, as it turns out, are to give the drama a turning-point. Though they disapprove of Ben Nevis on principle, it is they, in the end, who raise the siege of Glenbogle when the castle is hard beset by the National Union of Hikers. (Unhappily, the Scottish Nationalists head their rescue-party with pipers who play "The Campbells are Coming.") . . . I do not know what the Highlands will think of this book—majestic tradition may find it a little flippant. Personally, I found it divinely funny.

### Supernatural Thriller

A good a picture-wrapper as I have seen for a long time (the work, I find, of Mr. George Mansell) first drew my eye to *Uneasy Freehold* (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). I was so much intrigued by the house in the drawing that I longed to find out what happened there. Also, Miss Dorothy Macardle's name, though already eminent in another sphere, is new—I believe—to the fiction lists, and I wondered how she would make out as a novelist.

I would not confess to this curiosity if it had not been justified by the discovery of an absorbing novel—full of excitement, strangeness and atmosphere. I should not call this so much a ghost story as an attempt to build up dead peoples' characters retrospectively.

A highbrow but charming young brother and sister buy, and live in, a house of which they happen to like the look. The brother's subsequent love affair is impinged on by the conflicting influences of two ghosts: the soul of young Stella, a living but spellbound girl, is the battleground for two women who died mysteriously at Cliff End House. There are some blood-freezing passages, counterbalanced by a good deal of humour and tenderness. Also, Miss Macardle has drawn some grim figures. Lovers of cats will relish the cat Whisky—golden, plump, unscrupulous—beloved possession of the old Irish cook.

I recommend *Uneasy Freehold* as, almost indefinitely, an uncommon novel. Though I call it, in my heading, a "supernatural thriller," it has none of the obvious ingredients. The scene is vividly set; the dialogue seems spontaneous; the characters have distinction as well as charm. Incidentally, I have seldom found the delights and troubles of moving into a new house better described.



Two Young Authoresses Collaborate on a Book About Horses

"In the Saddle," a book about riding and the care of the horse, is the work of two young writers who hope to have it published in the near future. They are Rosemary Williams and Daphne Touche, who go to the same school. Rosemary is the daughter of Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., and Lady Williams. Her mother helps Rosemary with her piano practice.

Daphne Touche, joint-authoress of "In the Saddle," is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Touche, and a granddaughter of Sir George Touche, Bt., and her home is Kemp's Farm, Buckland, in Surrey. Mr. Gordon Touche is the Conservative M.P. for Reigate. Daphne is now fifteen years old. She read the finished manuscript to her mother

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Boddam-Whetham — Lane**

Captain John Hayes Boddam-Whetham, Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Boddam-Whetham, of 37, Crompton Court, S.W., and Joan Margaret Lane, younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. C. R. C. Lane, of Poona, India, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



*Bertram Park*  
**Felicity Pardoe**

Felicity Pardoe, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. L. Pardoe, of Bartonbury, Cirencester, is engaged to Captain Sir Antony Bonham, Bl., The Royal Scots Greys, only son of the late Sir Eric Bonham, and Lady Bonham, of Crudwell, Malmesbury



**Holmes — Naylor**

Captain Ashley Arthur Holmes, R.A., only son of Sir Arthur and Lady Holmes, of Killiecrankie, Summersdale, Chichester, and Barbara Joan Naylor were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Naylor, of the Oaks, Ascott, Warwickshire



**Ridsdale — Frank**

Sq.-Ldr. Philip G. M. Ridsdale, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. B. Ridsdale, of Cawnpore, India, and Lorna Frank were married at Holy Trinity Church, West Hill, S.W. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Peirson Frank, of 8, Chartfield Avenue, Putney Hill



**Forde — Henderson**

Anthony Jex-Blake Forde, younger son of Mr. F. A. Forde and Mrs. W. F. M. Corry of Bray, Berkshire, married Rosalie Isobel Henderson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, of Constant Spring, St. Andrew, Jamaica, in the Garrison Church, Kingston, Jamaica



**Davies — Davidson**

Lieut. David Lloyd Davies, R.C.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. R. Davies, of Halifax and Montreal, Canada, married Jean Mary Davidson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Davidson, of Clifford's Inn, London, and Hove, Sussex, at St. John's Church, Hove

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Not Me, Sir!

VEN the most unobservant of us must have noticed that the man who is himself in an advanced stage of alcoholic poisoning always asserts that it is everyone else around and about him who is suffering from staggering inebriety.

"Von" Hitler has assured the world that he "never touches anything," and that, furthermore, he never gabbles, never steals, never lies, and that he never wanted to fight. The moment that anyone starts telling someone else that he is drunk and is talking too much, it makes you think—and likewise doubt. "In four months we nearly reached Moscow and Leningrad" (but we thought that you said *ten weeks*, and that even that was rather a long time, since, according to you, there was not even a rabbit left to fight you, having obliterated the Russian Army several times).

## Encouraging Intelligence

IT is announced for general information that all trousers supplied to prisoners of war by the Red Cross are to be "in pairs." Lacking such information, anxious relatives may have pictured soldiers walking about either with only one leg, or with odd ones, say, a blue pin-stripe and a dressy spongebag. This is almost as good work as that announcement, made concerning the catering arrangements after a memorial service to a distinguished personage, which read: "Luncheon suitable to the solemnity of the occasion will be provided."

## A News Item

THE discovery by the Astronomer Royal that the sun is a million miles farther away from the earth than has been supposed

for some time past, discloses a fact which has long been suspected by people in these islands, in Russia, in Greenland's icy mountain glades and elsewhere, including some plumbers in Suburbia. It is not a matter of much comfort to these various persons to be told a million miles in this calculation of the sun's parallax look about the same breadth as a human hair viewed from a distance of ten miles, or a halfpenny from a distance of 3250 miles. We are compelled to take these facts for granted, since, so far as is known, no one has ever gazed on those objects from those ranges.

## Ireland's Best 'Chaser

SOMEONE who was at Leopardstown for the recent Red Cross Steeplechase has been kind enough to assure me that I have by no means overrated Miss Mathieson's St. Martin, who failed to bring his backers' money home on that occasion. My unknown friend says that he is "unquestionably the best steeplechase horse in all Ireland, and that if there had been a Grand National entry this year, he would have been sent over for it with a big chance of winning." The going at Leopardstown, so my informant says, was "heavy enough to anchor a battleship," and that St. Martin was weighted into the ground by the 12 st. 7 lb. he had on his back, a lot of it dead weight, the rest first-class horseman.

The real hard-luck story of the race is, however, Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent, the favourite (11 st. 8 lb.), who came it by sheer misadventure two fences from home, when he had the result beyond all doubt. It was the bad going that made him slither, take off too soon and land



## In Switzerland

The Aga Khan and the Begum Aga Khan went to see their son, Prince Sadruddin, perform in a children's slalom at Gstaad on the young Prince's ninth birthday. The Aga Khan and his wife, formerly Mme. André Carron, whom he married in 1929, have been living in Switzerland since they left their home in France

all unbalanced. He had seemed to revel in the deep mud and had jumped like a book all the way until this disaster overtook him.

Durbar had then only to canter home ahead of the rest of the well-beaten opposition; so, my informant says, "we must not make too much of his win." He was, however, upsides with Prince Regent two fences from home, and was certainly the only horse in the race able to hang on to him, and this should be remembered.

## Buddies

SEEING that we are no longer only just cousins of the inhabitants of the great land on the other side of the "Big Drink," I suggest that it would be seemly if we became even more Americanised than the "flickers" have already made us, and I make the humble submission that the Law (meaning thereby every member of the profession, from the Lord Chancellor down to the most haughty of barristers' clerks) should give us a lead.

The Law, being "the embodiment of everything that's excellent," should be one of the first to make a becoming gesture. Counsel might, for instance, drop that sarcastic phrase, "M'learned friend on the other side," and substitute the equally satirical, "The wise guy for the palooka in the pen." Their lordships might, I think, be provided with mallets for use, not only to enforce silence, but also as weapons of offence against any unduly verbose K.C.—or even against an untruthful witness.

The expression "Silence in Court" might be usefully discarded in favour of "Pipe down, you lugs," and cross-examining counsel might be very considerably aided in the eternal fight with the expert perjurer, if he adopted some of the vivid verbiage which comes to us from across the Atlantic. For instance, instead of: "You surely do not ask the jury to believe . . . ?", he might say: "You're tellin' me, honey-baby?"



Prisoners of War

This photograph of British officers in a German prison camp was sent home by Lieut. Edmund Sharpe, who was made prisoner at Dunkirk. Front row: Edmund Sharpe, John Cripps (Rangers), Freddie Burnaby Atkins (Black Watch), Fitzroy Fletcher (Rifle Brigade). Back row: Charles Rome (K.O.Y.L.I.), James Marsham (Rangers), Anthony Bampfylde (Rifle Brigade), Francis Reed (Rifle Brigade), Charles Bonham (D.L.I.), Jerry Pilkington (Rangers), Philip Denison (Rangers), Terence Prittie (Rifle Brigade), Walter Armytage (Rangers), Leigh Windsor

*A Naval Engagement*

**Captain Richard Kirby and Miss Sally Reyne, who recently became engaged, were photographed on the flight-deck of H.M. Aircraft-Carrier Victorious, in which ship Captain Kirby commands the Royal Marines. He is the son of Colonel J. S. Kirby, and his fiancee is a daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. N. Reyne, of Alverstoke, Hants.**

and to the wilfully inarticulate: " Speak up, sweetheart, or I'll slap your ears down!"

We are all so apt to get into a rut that any chance offered to us to get out of it should be rapturously embraced—and, after all, the Law is a bit dull, even when Sir Patrick Youknowwho is putting Public Liar No. 1 through the hoop. The advent of the Doughboys affords a first-class pretext for all these suggestions.

#### *Hearty Veterans*

MANY officers have commended the recent note in these pages pointing out that red tape was depriving the Home Guard of many brilliant soldiers no longer of age for the Regular Army and now barred by a somewhat too arbitrary rule from unpaid employment in that fine Second Line.

Sir Hubert Gough is one of the officers who, surely, age notwithstanding, would have been absolutely invaluable as a teacher, and I have another friend also in mind—Sir Ormonde Winter, who is a gunner by trade, a Brigadier-General by rank, and an officer with a very distinguished and very gallant war record. He is a few years—very few—over the Home Guard limit, but about as clever and resourceful an officer as ever went into action. For part of the time in the last war he held temporary command of a division, and he did extremely well. I should think his value in the lecture-room would be quite as great as his value in the field—and this is saying a very great deal.

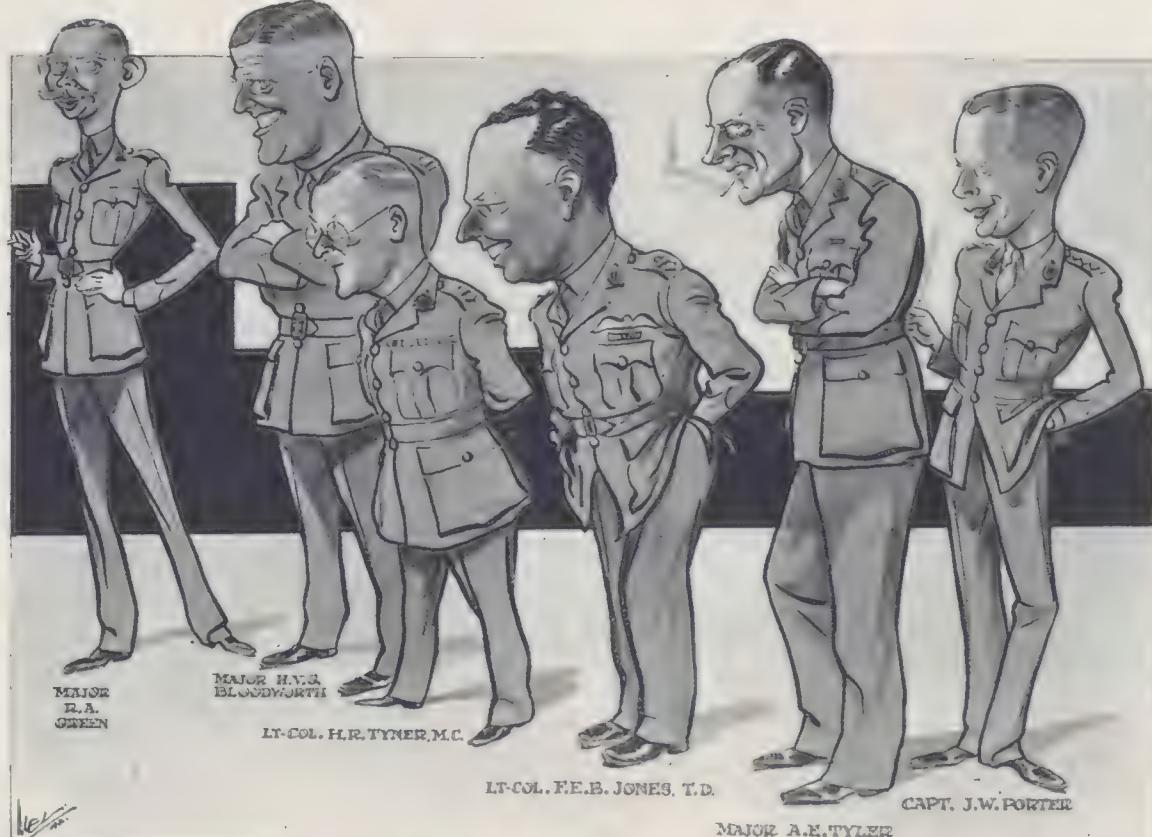
*Officers of a Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment*

Front row: Capts. J. Foster Haigh, C.F., G. H. Clarke, Majors J. A. Brown, S. G. Flick, the Commanding Officer, Major W. J. Hollowell, Capt. J. Wysock Crundall, F. G. Davies, A. E. Mitchell, Adj't. Second row: Sec.-Lieuts. J. C. Clarke, R. A. Holmes, Capt. L. Tuck, Sec.-Lieut. J. Taylor, Lieut. D. A. Wise, Capt. B. H. Walker, Lieut. E. T. Bennett, Sec.-Lieut. T. E. Cork, Capt. R. H. Hollamby, Sec.-Lieut. F. A. Barnsley, Third row: Sec.-Lieut. M. B. Perkins, Lieut. G. M. Plumby, Capt. M. H. Vinden, C. V. Lewis, M.O., Sec.-Lieut. P. H. Bennett, J. E. Wilson, M. C. M. Arrindell, N. I. Lock, B. J. Clarke, Capt. R. H. Willett, Sec.-Lieuts. E. S. Smith, E. Pryke. Back row: Sec.-Lieut. K. R. Issott, Lieut. H. F. Archer, Sec.-Lieut. L. D. Humphrey, Lieut. J. H. Scringour, Capt. R. G. de Quincey, Sec.-Lieuts. S. E. Scott, J. B. Day, Lieut. T. E. Scaife, Sec.-Lieuts. T. Peacock, J. M. Bebb, Lieut. B. H. Gubbings (Q.M.)

On the outbreak of this war, Sir Ormonde Winter seemed to be certain of re-employment, but when nothing happened he joined the Finnish Volunteers. In the cold winter of that northern clime he developed a double mastoid and had to undergo about three bad operations, one without any anaesthetic, as the learned surgeon in the Stockholm hospital said that he could not risk it as his patient had had nothing to eat for five

days and was, further, quite full enough of poison already.

It seems rather a pity to waste good talent. Incidentally, both Sir Hubert Gough (16th Lancers) and Sir Ormonde Winter are ex-G.R.s of high efficiency. Sir Hubert Gough was quite as much in the front rank over fences as Sir Ormonde Winter was on the flat, where even the best "professors" could not afford to give him anything.

*A Group of Royal Signals Officers: Caricatured by "Mel"*

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Bristles and Bombs

**M**AKES and mumbo-jumbo, woad and warcries are discredited by a scientific generation. Yet large quantities of raw material, many man-hours and a lot of engineering ingenuity go to creating "screamers" to be attached to the tail-fins of bombs.

Penetratively speaking, the most efficient bomb would be the most silent one; for noisiness during the fall implies drag, and drag implies retardation. But, psychologically speaking, both we and the enemy seem to think that the noisier the bomb the more frightening it will be.

If the ear can be so potent a factor in promoting alarm and despondency, why not the eye as well? I ask the question because some information I have had from America matches up with a plan I have been putting in these notes, a plan for at once saving steel and rendering yet more horrific what Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls the "island pan."

## Expeditors

**M**Y message from the United States tells how the staff of "expeditors" at a great aircraft works vowed not to shave until a certain new job had been got through. I do not know if our works have expeditors; but in the U.S.A. their task is that of high-speed liaison and elucidation. They get the wheels turning quickly.

My friend tells me that these expeditors go about the works on bicycles, and that when some weeks had passed during which they had been using frantic endeavours to accelerate the job, their appearance, with full beards and moustaches, was so horrific that it had a positively electrical effect upon all executives and operatives. They worked with more than ordinary energy to get the job done, and so remove the frightful spectacle of the bearded expeditors!

My plan was to stop all shaving in this country by an appropriate regulation. The Home Office already has an 18B in its bonnet, and the enforcement of an anti-shaving rule would be mere child's-play comparatively. We should then save vast quantities of high-grade

steel, and at the same time cause our collective appearance to touch an even lower level than at present, and to reach that degree of barbarous offensiveness when it might be a positive aid in deterring the invasive Hun.

Actually I do not believe the idea is quite so crazy as sounds at first. We must devise a means for keeping in our minds the fact that the threat of invasion remains. We must not allow these ups and downs of preparedness to occur.

## Air Attack

FOR instance, there is the risk of gas-bombing and gas-spraying by aircraft. It has not yet been used against us, but it remains a risk. And, in fact, it is a greater risk now that people have mostly given up carrying their respirators.

It is extraordinarily hard to make the Englishman do something which is a form of long-range insurance. Unless he sees that the risk is immediate, he will take no precautions. The Home Office has been singularly vacillating in its treatment of respirator carrying, and has allowed itself to go with the popular tide.

It launched a strong publicity campaign, which had a temporary effect, and then got tired of the whole thing and did nothing more. In this, the Home Office is repeating the worst idiocies and incompetencies of pre-war politics. We perpetually put ourselves—owing to this inability of our Government departments to take a decisive line—in the position of being surprised at the ruthlessness or barbarity of the enemy.

## Times, Please

THAT review of the year issued by *The Times* newspaper is kept by so many people as a reference—and is indeed so valuable for that purpose—that I feel it is necessary to correct some errors that have crept into it.

First a friend has written to me pointing out that in two places in the *Review* it is said that there was no damage or loss to man or ship in the Battle of Cape Matapan. Actually three naval airmen were reported missing as a result of a truly heroic action.



## In the New Year Honours List

Mr. John Bradley Abraham, C.B., Deputy Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry, since 1940, was made a Knight of the British Empire in the New Year Honours. Mr. Abraham was formerly chairman of the Miscellaneous Trades Joint Council for Government Departments. He lives at Radlett, in Hertfordshire

My recollection is—that being away from my references I cannot check it—that the torpedo-bomber that was lost was piloted by Lieut.-Commander Dalyell-Stead of the Royal Navy, and that it was he who led his squadron in the attack on the Italian battleship *Vittorio Veneto* from H.M.S. *Formidable*. He was, I think, awarded the Distinguished Service Order. And it is right that we should bear in mind the feats of such officers, and should remember that those who sacrifice themselves in order that others may profit from what they have done deserve the nation's thanks and remembrance.

The other point in *The Times* review was concerned with the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. Here it is not made clear that air-borne torpedoes were the instruments which gave the Japanese their success. The Prime Minister, in winding up the debate in Parliament a fortnight ago, mentioned that the Japanese used land-based torpedo-bombers for their attacks. The B.B.C. incorrectly reported that he had said "bombers." Obviously, neither *The Times* nor the B.B.C. appreciated the vital importance of accuracy on this point.

Neither ship was sunk or even put out of action or seriously damaged by bombs. They were both sunk by air-launched torpedoes. The whole question of the vulnerability of warships to air attack is influenced by the distinction. Public opinion could be seriously misled if the bomb story is not scotched at once.

Gallagher's report in the *Daily Express* confirmed what had already been inferred, that the instrument which actually struck the fatal blows in the case of both ships was the air-borne, air-launched torpedo. Bombs were used, but more as a diversion, to screen the torpedo-carrying aircraft as they made their runs, in this case from a land base many miles away.



Officers of an R.A.F. Signals School

D. R. Stuart

Front row: W-Cdr. W. Kidd, Sq-Ldrs. L. W. A. Barnes, V. W. Venour, M.B.E.; W-Cdrs. C. Stephenson, J. R. Walley; G-Capt. C. W. Attwood; W-Cdrs. V. S. Ewing, J. H. P. Clarke; Sq-Ldr. H. W. St. John, D.F.C.; W-Cdr. A. H. W. Cocks  
 Middle row: A-S-Os A. L. Power, J. Drummond-Smith; Flt-Lt. R. S. Falk; P-O. G. W. Prager; F-Os W. Underhill, R. A. Beck; P-Os C. Crisp, A. A. Harley; F-O. A. W. Bowyer; P-O. C. Jenkinson; Sq-Ldrs. H. S. Martin, J. S. Harper; S-O. Kingsford-Lethbridge; A-S-O. F. E. Paterson  
 Back row: F-O. R. C. Parry; P-O. W. H. Still; F-O. A. J. O. Warner; P-Os N. A. Tye, W. Keitinger, R. H. Dawson, T. S. Wallace; A-A-R. Watts; F-Os C. H. Gardner, D. C. Davies; Flt-Lt. C. W. Thompson; F-O. R. H. Johns



Men's clothes by  
**Drescott**

There may be some difficulty in  
obtaining Drescott clothes because of  
the limitation of supplies imposed by  
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

# Getting Married

(Continued)



McElhiney — Merritt

Lieut. Jack Berwyn Scott McElhiney, younger son of Brigadier and Mrs. J. A. McElhiney, of Ottawa, Canada, married Marian Elizabeth Merritt, daughter of the late W. F. Merritt, and Mrs. Merritt, of Mersham, Surrey, at Mersham Church



Soames — Calvert

Capt. Arthur L. W. Soames, the Gloucestershire Regt., son of the late Lieut.-Col. L. H. Soames, and Mrs. Soames, of 'Gap House, Crowthorne, Berks., married Barbara Calvert at All Saints', Odiham. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. Calvert, of Maryfield, Odiham, Hants.



Leach — Fox

Lieut. Derek Godfrey Leach, East Surrey Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Leach, of Morven, Oxted, married Helen Sheila Fox at Holy Trinity Church, Crockham Hill, Kent. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Edmund Fox, of Mearing, Kent Hatch, Westerham, Kent



Molyneux — Watson

Patrick E. Molyneux, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Echlin Molyneux, of Leamington, and Patricia Mary Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Watson, of the Thatched Cottage, Virginia Water, were married at Windlesham, Surrey



Shingleton — Luxmore

Sec.-Lieut. Gordon Hugh Shingleton, R.A., only child of the late Frank Shingleton and of Mrs. Evelyn Bazalgette, married Mrs. Anne Lavender Luxmore at Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. L. Warner



Young — Stephens

Captain Alex Young, R.A.O.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Young, of Broompark, Falkirk, married Joan Madeline Stephens, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Newton Stephens, of Heathrising, Hermitage Lane, Hampstead, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Deschamps — Bucke

Roger Victor Deschamps, Free French Legion, and Marion Manvers Bucke, only child of the late Rev. H. E. Bucke, Rector of Gisleham, Suffolk, and of Mrs. Scouler, of Midwindham, Camberley, were married at St. Michael's, Camberley



Williams — Day

Lieut. William Ronald Williams, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Eng.-Captain and Mrs. W. A. Williams, married Barbara Hazel Day in London. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. Day, of South Normanton, Derbyshire



Gordon — Allingham

Flying-Officer John Gordon, M.R.C.S., R.A.F.V.R., of Bordersmead, Loughton, Essex, was married at St. John's Church, Blindley Heath, Surrey, to Mabel Anne (Sally) Allingham, of Horsham, Sussex



*Remember these*  
**Important Facts**  
*When you make a cup of delicious*  
**Ovaltine**

**O**VALTINE' itself contains milk—milk of the highest quality, standardised by the famous 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd. You can therefore make your cup of 'Ovaltine' with water only.

Moreover, you will thoroughly enjoy 'Ovaltine' made with water. You will taste—perhaps for the first time—its particularly pleasing and refreshing flavour. In fact, it is 'Ovaltine' in a form possessing a unique attraction which must be experienced to be fully realised.

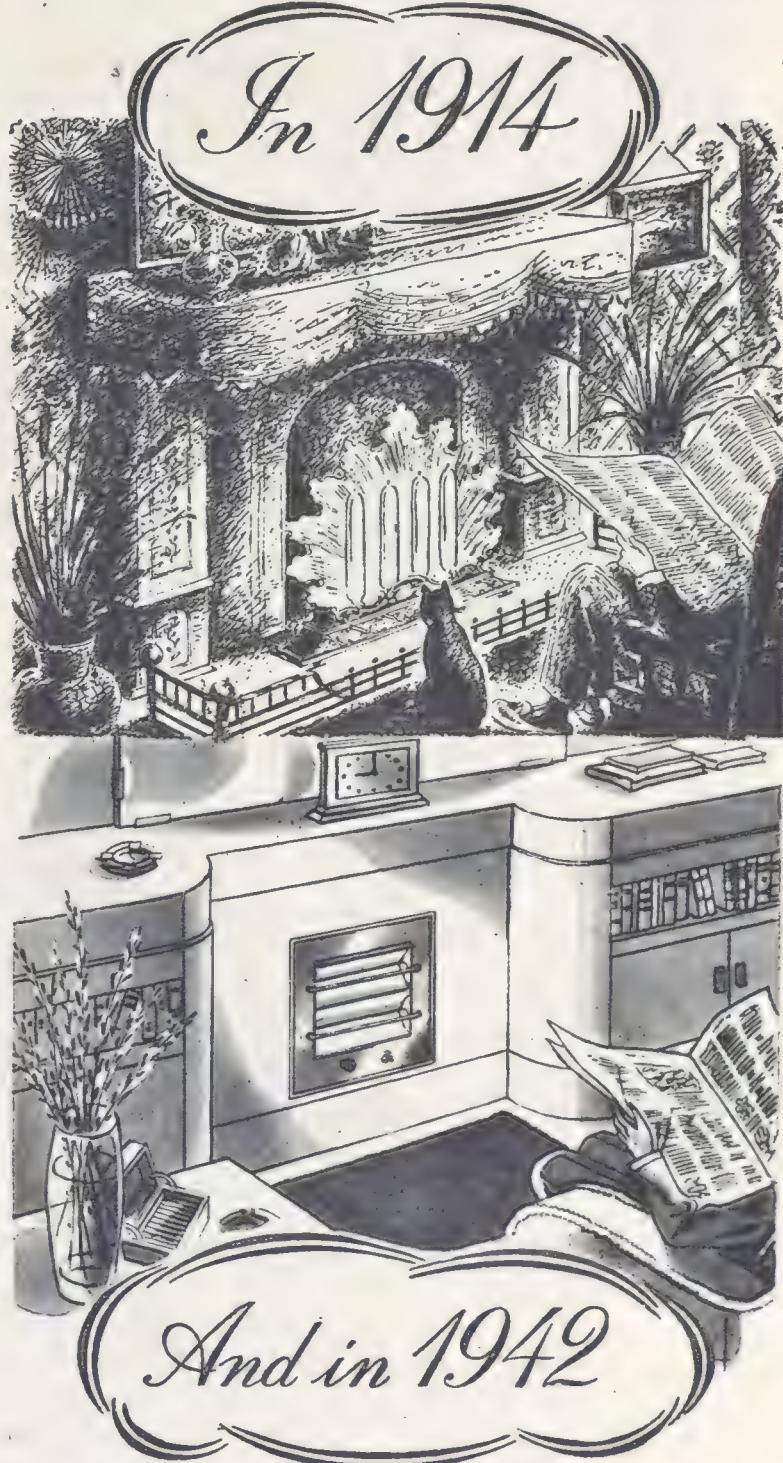
Consider, too, the ease with which you can make a cup of 'Ovaltine' this way. You simply add 'Ovaltine' to hot water . . . no pots or jugs to prepare or wash . . . no milk to heat . . . no sugar to add, because 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet. Think also of the economy.

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is a complete food. Apart from the nutritive properties of milk, it provides lecithin (organic phosphorus) to build up the nerves, maltose and other carbohydrates for energy, mineral salts and additional health-giving elements.

For these reasons 'Ovaltine' is the ideal beverage whenever you need 'something hot to drink.' It sustains energy and nerve-strength all day and helps to ensure restorative sleep at night.

**IMPORTANT:**—'Ovaltine' can be eaten dry if desired, or it may be sprinkled on porridge or used in a sandwich. It is important to note that in whatever form you take 'Ovaltine,' you benefit from the milk which is already in it, as well as from its other outstanding nutritive properties.

P. 586a



THE quaint looking G.E.C. electric heater of 1914 is linked with its modern streamlined version by over a quarter of a century of continuous progress in the electrical industry. Science never stands still—not even in wartime—and just as the G.E.C. continued to progress through the last war, so to-day, it is keeping abreast of the latest developments and improvements in everything electrical for the home.

**Remember**  
**G.E.C.**  
**FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL**



# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Everything appertaining to the care of the skin has been the subject of study by Yardley's; as a matter of fact, their preparations are the best procurable, the ingredients being absolutely pure. It is impossible for women to be as lavish in their use as in pre-war days. This firm have recently produced an all-purpose cream which fulfils the work of a skin-food, a cleanser and a powder base; it must, of course, be used night and morning; during the day, powder may be applied. There is rouge and lipstick to harmonise; also refills, which is an immense advantage. Yardley's Eau-de-Cologne and Lavender are a necessity rather than a luxury, as they have a highly beneficial effect on the nervous system. Neither must the Bond Street perfume be regarded as an extravagance. Illustrations of some of this firm's specialities appear on the left. Furthermore, they have a world-wide reputation for soap: as a matter of fact, it is sold practically everywhere

Many problems confront women when in quest of maternity wear, and they must bear in mind that corsets are very important. Nowhere is the designing of these better understood than at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. It is advisable to make an appointment, but if this is impossible, they have a very effective postal service. On the right is portrayed a maternity frock which, although simple and youthful, is practical, and is carried out in black simili silk, the yoke and vest being of a pale shell-pink shade. A feature is likewise made of wool frocks, with long sleeves, accompanied by sleeveless coatees



The spring tailored suits have arrived at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. A special feature is made of those expressed in West of England tweeds and suitings. Galadale District checks and Chieftain checks will be very fashionable; they have been inspired by the colours on the grouse moors and deer forests of Scotland. On the extreme right of this page is a coat and skirt of West of England tweed. The skirt has a panel back and two pleats in front, the coat being reinforced with patch pockets and three buttons. It is a variation on the accepted classic theme. Much to be desired are the models of shepherd's-plaid suiting; they may be seen in the ready-to-wear department

# Harvey Nichols

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*A*n exquisite Dinner Gown of Orchid tinsel lace . . .

*Small Ladies' Department.* **24** GNS.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1 . . . . Sloane 3440

# Social Round-about

(Continued from page 189)

## Daytime

MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was out, looking very pretty without a hat. As a child she used to hunt with the Blackmore Vale on a grey pony, with her wonderful red hair hanging down to her waist. Now it is short, but the same lovely colour.

Mrs. Charles Sweeny was having tea, very queenly in black, with an elaborate hat, and Major Archie Campbell was walking about with his big black Chow dog.

Air Vice Marshal Sir Louis Grieg looked pink and jolly, and Captain Leonard Plugge, M.P. for Chatham, was around.

Young lunchers out were Mr. Derek Stanley Smith and Mr. Roderick Fenwick Owen, about to join the Navy and Air Force respectively.

## Evening

SIR KENNETH and Lady Clark were among the audience seeing *Comus* in the last week of the Sadlers Wells season, and Mr. Harry Jonas, the painter, was there too. *Les Patineurs* and *The Haunted Ballroom* made up the programme.

Among people dining out afterwards were Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, with Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Beverley Nichols; Lord and Lady Tredegar with Captain Graham Eyres-Monsell and Captain Bunny Tattersall, and Lord Warwick.

Another evening, after the Anglo-Polish ballet—it is warming even to watch the vigour of Cracow Wedding and The Dancing Woman—Mr. Augustus John was out dining with Miss Lorretta Hope-Nicolson, a granddaughter of Mrs. Adrian Hope, the painter.

## Night

FERRARO is like a ringmaster, celebrities and beauties trotting round him in the foreground, with the less-great comfortably and solidly arrayed in the background.

Very few people are really beautiful: Lady Ursula Vernon is one. She was with her husband, Captain Vernon, and was wearing a little pale brown ermine jacket, and diamond clips in her long blonde hair. She is the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter.

Lord and Lady Wimborne were with the brand-new Lord Sherwood, one of the many Seely titles. She was wearing a mink coat, and was Lady Mab Fox-Strangways, Lord and Lady Ilchester's daughter.

Lord and Lady Tredegar were with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson—she is one of Lord Redesdale's daughters, and he used to ride in steeplechases before the war. And Mrs. Howe, who was Lady Limyngton by her first marriage, was wearing a nice red coat.

## After Night

IN dark surroundings in the small hours Lady Seafield sat with her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, now in the Air Force. She is fond of dogs. Mr. Eric Hatry's Bedlington is staying with her for the duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Thesiger were there too—she was wearing a lovely plain white dress and looked like a Manet picture.

Mrs. Hugh Hobhouse was in red and gold. She was Miss Diana George and is very good looking.

Mr. Robert Sweeny represented the Eagle Squadron.

## Russian First Night

THE Russian opera and ballet are back, with T. Moussorgsky's *Sorotinski Fair*, plus a new ballet, *The Great Gates of Kieff*. This is Moussorgsky music too, and very colourful, with people whirling and bounding in all sorts of gay clothes, against a backcloth of golden cupolas, and a sturdy pair of gates.

All the takings of the first night go to the Comorts Fund for women and children of Russia, and Mr. Jay Pomeroy auctioned the usual rarities, like eggs and stockings, in the interval. There was also a collection, as in church.

The London Symphony Orchestra played, and the performance was preceded by the British and Russian national anthems. The Soviet Ambassador to the Allied Governments and Madame Bogomolov were in a box from which hung the admired Red Flag, with the Hammer and Sickle printed on one corner.

## —And a Thé Dansant for Russia, too

TIERE was a thé dansant at the Dorchester in aid of Mrs. Henry Martin's Comorts Fund for women and children of Soviet Russia, and a poster saying Help! Help! Help! (in big red letters). The Women and Children of Soviet Russia, Warm clothes, blankets, etc., urgently needed (in big blue ones) struck an incongruous note against the velvet curtains, mirrors and chandeliers of the big, centrally heated room, with Lew Stone's band playing, and éclairs on the table.

At the entrance was a dip for lucky numbers, with attractive prizes, there were various raffles, and an auction of tempting things displayed on tables on the edge of the dance floor.

## Names and Happenings

LESLIE HENSON started off the auctioning, and Mr. Jay Pomeroy finished it. Little things fetched fancy prices—a basket of onions and orchids five guineas, two separate dozens of eggs six guineas a dozen, a pair of Nylon stockings from America five guineas, a pound of tea, also from America, six guineas and a poodle puppy fifty guineas.

Raffle winners included Mr. H. G. Wells, who got a box of chocolates, Lady Orr-Lewis a bottle of gin and Baroness Budberg a bottle of Vodka.

Among other people there were the Belgian Minister and Madame Jaspar, who was a member of the committee, and wore black and white and silver fox, General Ingra, Czech War Minister, M. Stranski, also in the Czech Government, Lady Reid, Countess Karolyi, and Mr. Lawson-Johnstone.

## Weddings

ORD BRECKNOCK and Mrs. Averil Hallett were married in a registry office, and only three guests were there—Lady Irene Crawfurd, the bridegroom's sister, and Sir James and Lady Ritchie, brother-in-law and sister of the bride.

As Miss Averil Streatfield the bride was among the loveliest of the girls about at a time when there were many outstanding ones, including Lady Bridgett Poulett, Miss Margaret Whigham and Miss Rose Bingham.

Lord Brecknock is in the Scots Guards.



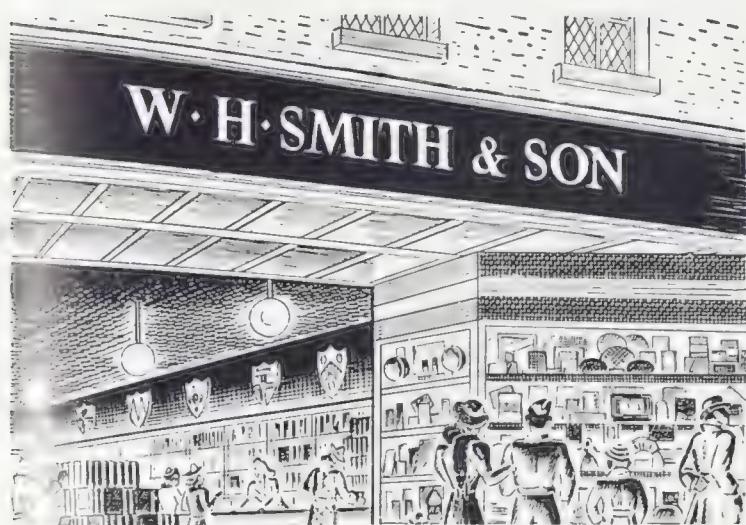
## WHEN YOU OFFER JONES A LIFT

As an Austin owner you cannot help feeling a bit pleased with yourself—and your Austin. Now that so many motorists—like poor old Jones—have had to lay up their cars indefinitely for want of spares, it's particularly

gratifying to have your Austin still carrying on—piling up the miles of trouble-free motoring. Too bad for Jones, of course. If he'd followed your advice he'd be riding in an Austin of his own to-day instead of in yours. Well, well, it all brings home the practical wisdom of your choice.

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## Ordered Overleaf

ONE thing you are bound to need—an all purpose Active Service overcoat and that is an exact, literal description of the Vitabeau.

The Vitabeau with its wonderful Tropal interlining, gives you protection against *all* the elements. It is storm-proof—and only those who have been there can know what tropical rain is like. It is cold-proof—ask the 8th Army what desert nights can be like. It is even Flame-proof.

Yet with all that the Vitabeau is light in weight and is as smart to look at as you want a service coat to be. The Vitabeau Military Coat is obtainable in all usual stock sizes; but supplies are getting short.

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### MILITARY COAT

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# Bubble and Squeak

## Stories from Everywhere

THE pilot had taken great pains to explain all about his machine to the pretty young visitor at the airport—its mechanical features, purpose of this and that, what pilots did to meet actual flying conditions, etc. He looked at the girl and smiled: "Now you understand, don't you?"

"All but one thing," replied the girl.

"And what is that?" he asked.

"What makes the thing stay up?"

THE tramp knocked at the door and a man answered the summons.

"Any old paper, rags or bones?" started the tramp.

"No," replied the householder, "my wife is evacuated."

"Any bottles?" asked the tramp, quickly.

A PRETTY and well-made actress was receiving golfing lessons from a professional. To his amazement he soon discovered that she could play quite well.

At last he said: "Well, it's a strange thing, but although your stance is shocking, your form is pretty good."

"Is it?" said the actress, smiling coyly. "I'm so glad you think so. But you'd hardly believe how hard I have to diet to keep it like that."

AND is the prince incognito?" asked the reporter, referring to a distinguished guest.

"Well, no, sir," replied the hotel porter. "I don't know as I'd say that. But 'e's certainly 'ad a few."

A BOARDING-HOUSE proprietor was showing a prospective guest over a room.

"A scientist formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive."

"Ah!" replied the man. "Then those spots on the wall are the explosive, I suppose?"

"No," replied the woman, "that's the scientist!"

THE mistress had to speak to her maid about one annoying failing—ignoring the telephone when it rang, and allowing other members of the household to come running.

"After this, I want you to answer the telephone, Mary," she said.

"Yes, madam," the maid replied, glumly. "But it seems sort of silly, though, when nine times out of ten it's for you."

A BRAHAMS and Jacobs, retired tailors, took up golf. One afternoon they were playing for a stake of five shillings a hole, and the competition was spirited. Abrahams drove into a bunker. With his iron he made four ineffectual swipes, raising the sand in clouds. Then he stooped, picked up the half-buried ball and tossed it out on the fairway.

"Look here!" roared Jacobs. "You couldn't do that. It's against the rules."

"I've already done it," said Abrahams, calmly.

"But I tell you it's against the rules. What am I going to do if by such tricks as that you win the match?"

"Sue me," said Abrahams.



Film Stills For Salvage

Phyllis Calvert, the young Gaumont British star who, as Ann Parnick in "Kipps," stole the show from the more experienced hands of Michael Redgrave and Diana Wynyard, spent an afternoon recently helping her casting director, Mr. Weston Drury, to turn out unwanted stills from the film library at Shepherds Bush. All these pictures are to be sent to the waste paper authorities as salvage. They will be a considerable contribution to the local collection. Both Mr. Drury and Phyllis are setting a fine example to all those of us who still have paper lying uselessly in our homes. More and more and still more paper is desperately needed

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Wholesale Distributors: WOOLLEY SANDERS & CO., LTD., Gt. Marlborough St., London, W.1



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## How to "tempt" an invalid or convalescent who cannot take solid food

ONE of the most difficult stages in convalescence is often that of coaxing an invalid's appetite.

The problem is to find a food that is tempting and appetizing to the patient, and that at the same time is able to supply the system with the necessary body-building materials for regaining strength.

If you have an invalid or convalescent to care for, you can place your confidence in Horlicks, for it has the following great advantages:

(1) Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system. It is frequently prescribed for patients suffering from gastric and duodenal ulcers, and often proves to be the only food that a patient can retain and absorb.

(2) The milk sugar and malt sugars in Horlicks pass into the blood-stream very quickly. That is why Horlicks has a revivifying effect. It renews energy almost at once.

(3) Horlicks has a good proportion of readily assimilable protein and a useful proportion of mixed carbohydrates. This makes Horlicks a good tissue-repairer, of great value during convalescence.



(4) Horlicks is delicious and tempting and readily acceptable to the patient.

(5) It is no trouble to prepare. It needs neither milk nor sugar. The correct way to make Horlicks is and always has been to add water only, as milk is one of its ingredients. And the natural sugars give it just the right degree of sweetness.

Horlicks is not expensive. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle.

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## I REMEMBER—I REMEMBER

"Well—if it isn't old Thomas—what brings you to these outlandish parts?"  
"The slowest train in the universe. What are you doing here yourself?"

"Putting salt on the tail of the unsavoury Herrenvolk—or more strictly, depth charges. Remember the last time we met?"

"Do I not! Outside the Tavern at Lords, the summer before the war. You stood me a slap-up dinner that night."

"I did. And you stood me a show afterwards. Then we went to a night club."

**ROSE'S**—the Wise Man's Nightcap

"Then on to another."  
"And strolled down Piccadilly in the cool light of dawn, in ingling cigar smoke with the pure morning air."

"And not a trace of a headache either. We'd mixed our drinks but finished with Rose's Lime Juice, being well acquainted with the ropes."

"Not much Rose's about these days, unfortunately."

"Haven't seen a bottle for weeks. Still, there's bound to be plenty after the war. Where shall we meet?"

"Why not outside the Tavern at Lords?"

"

Talking about beds—I think my Dunlopillo Sleeping Bag absolutely invaluable for the cold damp nights in the desert. It is jolly warm and absolutely damp-proof, which is a good thing with the heavy dews that form out of the blue during the night.

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